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Shrinks on the Couch • *Ronald Reagan's Spoiled Vacation* • *Penny Stocks*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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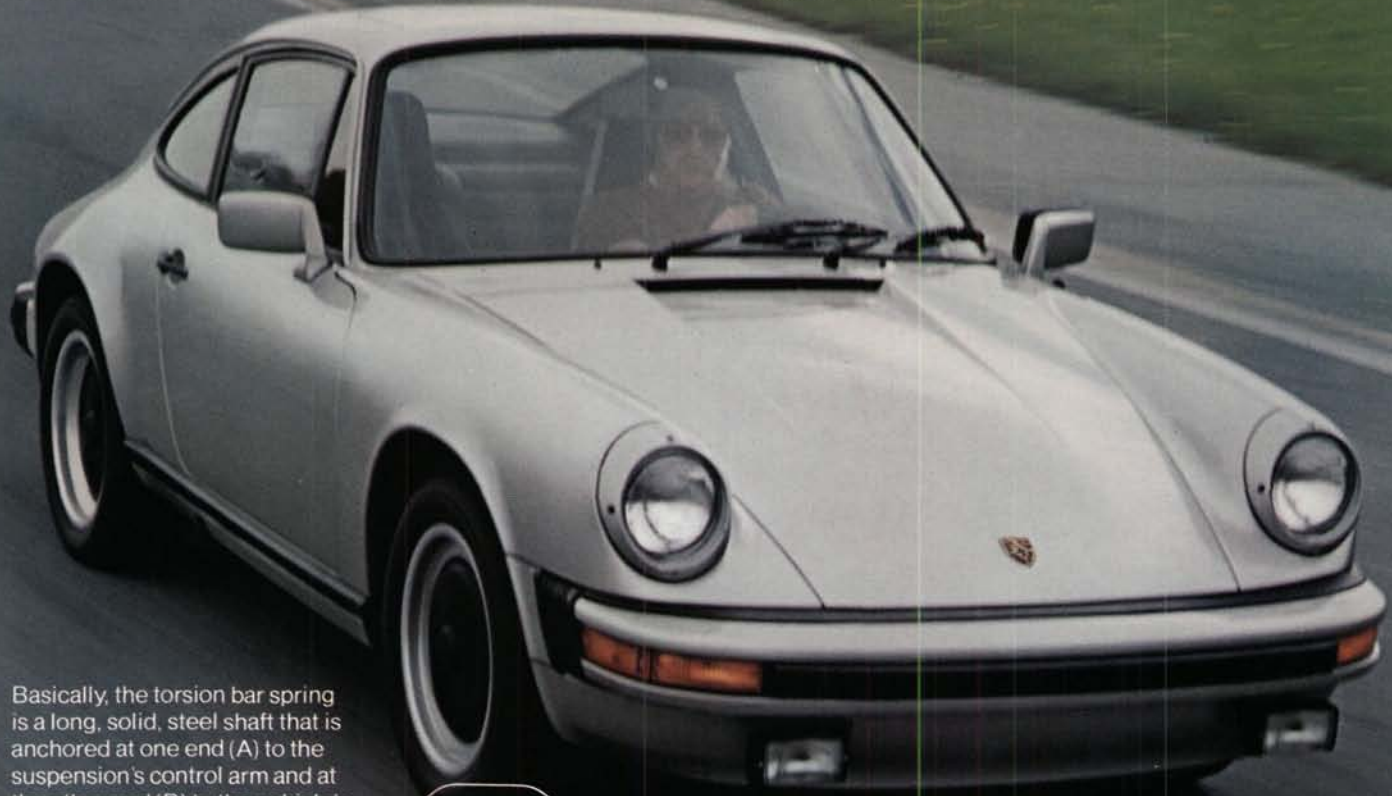
Consumer Orientation
No. 15 in a Series
Subject: Torsion Bar Suspension as a Means to Reduce Vehicle Weight and Increase Aerodynamic Efficiency.

15 Porsche 911SC

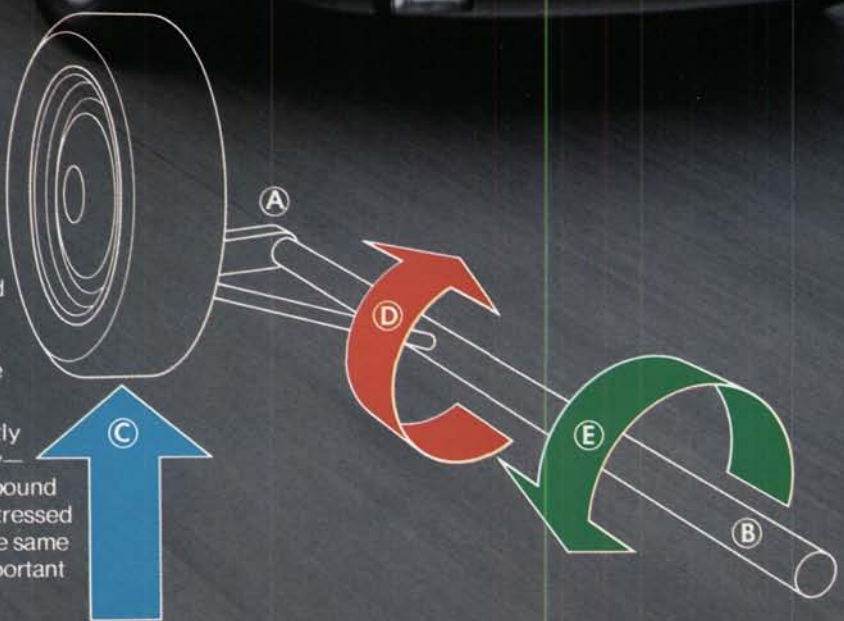
At Porsche, we expect a high-performance car to also be a highly-efficient car. So we design every component to produce maximum output, yet add only minimum weight and require minimum space. A prime example: the torsion bar spring. It is used on all four wheels of the 911SC to improve riding comfort and maintain firm tire-road contact. In addition, compared to a leaf or coil spring, it conserves weight and space, two critical requirements of today's automotive designs. Dr. Ferdinand Porsche first introduced automotive torsion bar springing—nearly 50 years ago.



Basically, the torsion bar spring is a long, solid, steel shaft that is anchored at one end (A) to the suspension's control arm and at the other end (B) to the vehicle's frame.

Torsion itself is the twisting action that occurs in the bar when one end (A) is twisted while the other end (B) remains fixed.

When a vertical impact on a wheel (C) is transmitted through the control arm to the torsion bar, the bar twists (D) to absorb the impact. And the bar's natural resistance to twisting quickly restores it (E) to its original position, thus returning the wheel to the road.



A torsion bar can store a significantly higher maximum amount of energy—based on inch pounds energy per pound of spring—than either an equally-stressed leaf or coil spring. Thus, to meet the same application, a torsion bar offers important weight savings.

In addition, compared to a coil spring, a torsion bar requires significantly less space. Thus, on the 911's front suspension (diagrammed here), it can both provide more room for the luggage compartment and minimize airflow restrictions below the vehicle which increases aerodynamic efficiency.

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TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

Old And New Doctrines

We drove down through Hyde Park on our way back to Washington and I got to thinking about the Roosevelts all over again. I looked at the comfortable Hudson River mansion where the family lived, with the nursery on the third floor, the stable where young Franklin always had a pony, and the place where the president returned on secret trips to get rest and peace and renewal in the war.

How the exhibits brought it back. The funny Peter Arno cartoon—where club revelers were shouting to friends through a window: "We're going down to the Trans-Lux to hiss Roosevelt." I looked in vain for another famous *New Yorker* cartoon, which depicts a couple of grimy miners in the depths of a coal mine looking over their shoulders and saying, "For gosh sakes, here comes Mrs. Roosevelt!" She was everywhere; she was his eyes and ears. A great affection that I had forgotten welled up in me as I saw her rugged, smiling portrait. She was didactic, tenacious, compassionate, vulnerable, magnificent. Wasn't she the most significant woman who ever sat in the White House? Abigail Adams and Dolley Madison never went down into a coal mine. There was tragedy there, too, in this spacious mansion. She was tall and plain with an unhappy childhood, brought up by domineering grandparents. She married her cousin who gave her a wonderful sense of security, but she never really had a home of her own. Hyde Park was dominated by Franklin's mother. Then, while raising five children, she discovered that her handsome husband was having an affair with Lucy Mercer. Lucy married Winthrop Rutherfurd, 30 years her senior. It wasn't the same after that. Then one sunny mid-August day in 1921 at Campobello Franklin splashed into the icy waters of the Bay of Fundy, and later felt a chill. He had polio and was paralyzed from the waist down. Eleanor pulled him through his depression. The young socialite never walked again.

I looked hopefully for my picture in one of those 998 press conferences he held in 13 years, but I was always just under the loudspeakers of the rear platform of the campaign special, or cropped out at the edge of the Oval Office desk with all the totems on it. It was a queer press relationship. Most of the publishers despised him—they were part of the Establishment—and most of the reporters loved him. Captain Joe Patterson of the New York Daily News feared him. Colonel Robert McCormick's Chicago Tribune saw to it in the 1936 campaign that in one week his name appeared only once on the front page. And word came to the editors of the Hearst papers in August 1935 to substitute "Raw Deal" for "New Deal" in their comment. There is something wrong with the press of a nation when 57 percent of the editorial pages support a presidential candidate who carries only two states. (That was Landon in 1936, who got Maine and Vermont.) It had been about as bad four years earlier when, despite the crash and depression, 52 percent of the press backed the doomed Hoover to 40 percent for FDR. Sixty-four percent backed Willkie and 23 percent FDR in 1940; and Dewey got 61 percent and "that man" 22 percent in 1944.

Journalism has changed some. For better or worse the papers' news monopoly is broken now by radio and television. There is less malice, I think, but things are duller. There is a theory today that pro-Roosevelt reporters "protected" FDR in defiance of their publishers. Reporters who crowded into the Oval Office rarely wrote of the president's physical infirmity. When he delivered his last inaugural address from the portico of the White House on a cold January day in 1945 with snow in the crotches of the elms, they lifted him up to the lectern like a bag of potatoes.

One of my strongest recollections is the reaction of a crowd when, once or twice, he was forced to walk in public with his braces. As he proceeded, supported on somebody's arm and generally grinning cheerfully, a hush fell on the crowd that was almost absolute. They hadn't realized it. A minute later he was in place again and his familiar voice came over the loudspeaker and there he was, the relaxed figure we all knew. Everybody sighed.

Today, just about half a century later, we have the first president who is seriously trying to end the centralization of government which Roosevelt initiated. A period of consolidation might be helpful at this time. But I somehow cannot accept the Reagan decentralization theory any more than I can the economic theory: the supply-side philosophy that you can get more revenue by cutting taxes.

Reagan is fairly mild when he talks about it; in his inaugural address, for example, he said that it is his intention to make the government "work—work with us, not over us." But a much clearer picture comes from his brilliant young budget director, David Stockman, in answering television questioners. The subject is the legal services program budgeted by Carter to increase to $328.3 million in fiscal 1982. The program has given a voice in court to the poor and inarticulate across the country. Stockman vehemently asks for its elimination. On March 22 he said: "I don't believe that there is any entitlement, any basic right to legal services, or any other kind of services, and the idea that's been established over the last ten years that almost every service that someone might need in life ought to be provided, financed by the government as a matter of basic right, is wrong. We challenge that. We reject that notion."

It sounds like Herbert Hoover. Hoover was as humane a man as ever lived, but after the crash, with a quarter of the work force idle, he believed in voluntary relief, not government relief. The latter would destroy the recipients' self-respect, he felt. FDR clobbered him.

In the same way the Reagan administration has just told companies employing 7.5 million workers that it will no longer require them to draw up detailed plans for hiring women, blacks, and minority groups. It sounds like a simplification of red tape and regulation. But as *Time* magazine explains, it aims at a deeper purpose of weakening "affirmative action," the "quietly successful effort to prevent large segments of the American labor market from remaining white, male preserves."

So it goes. It is a challenge to an old doctrine. I hadn't thought much about the doctrine, recently, until I saw the pictures of Eleanor and Franklin waving at me again from the old house at Hyde Park.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Paul Fussell's "Hiroshima: A Soldier's View" (TNR, August 22 & 29) has provoked an unusually large response from our readers, and we devote this week's Correspondence section to a representative selection of those letters.

HAPPY TO BE HOME

To the editors:

Paul Fussell's article "Hiroshima: A Soldier's View" was on the mark—as sensible as wearing overshoes when the winter east wind blows over Boston and vicinity. I was home when the bomb burst, rotated and being retrofitted for Japan after 30 months overseas (principally in North Africa and Italy) with the First Armored Division. I did not cry when I heard the news, I just got drunk with happiness. Now I have three sons and grandchildren. My luck would have run out, I am convinced, if I had been a part of the invasion of Japan—no sons, no grandchildren. Up with Truman, I am his kind of liberal.

John Delehanty
South Weymouth, Massachusetts

THANKS TO HIROSHIMA

To the editors:

Thank you for Paul Fussell's "Hiroshima: A Soldier's View." It reflects the feelings I have expressed to anyone who would listen ever since the second guessing on the atomic bomb began.

During World War II, *Time* magazine published a "pony" edition which was distributed to overseas troops. In the late spring of 1945 I read in one of their issues an article by a leading military analyst for the New York Times instructing America that while the war in Europe might be over, the Japanese, having fought ferociously all the way across the Pacific for three and half years, would certainly be even more maniacal in the defense of their homeland and, in defending it, would occasion tens of thousands of American deaths and many more Japanese casualties. Segue now to the spring of 1947 two years later. I have returned in one piece. I buy a copy of the Sunday edition of the New York Times to find a lead article by the self-same military expert deploring the dropping of the atomic bombs and recalling that after the Germans surrendered it was apparent to everybody (certainly to the author!) that the whole thing was over and that the Japanese were ready to give up if simply asked . . . and so on.

Yes, Mr. Fussell, I join you and thousands of others who were "at risk" in those frightening days in appreciating (in every sense of that word) the atomic bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki—which, in historical irony, did not do as much damage, cost as many lives, or wound as many people as did the months-long fire-bombing of Tokyo which preceded.

Ernest Wilkenson
New York, New York

'MONSTROUS MITIGATIONS'

To the editors:

Despite my respect for *TNR*, which goes back years, I must strongly protest the use of my painting, on the August 29 cover, to enhance Paul Fussell's "Hiroshima: A Soldier's View." The dropping of the Enola Gay's payload was an atrocity and reproducing my picture of a hospital ship to accompany Fussell's monstrous mitigations is an outrageous misinterpretation of my image.

Joseph Hirsch
New York, New York

The editors reply:

Mr. Hirsch's painting is in the US Navy's Combat Collection, from which permission to reprint was received.

DIVINE WINDS

To the editors:

I am so in agreement with Paul Fussell's conclusions on the subject of the bombing of Hiroshima that I hesitate to find fault with his article. However, there is one paragraph that contains inaccuracies and such doubtful conclusions that I feel exception must be taken.

The paragraph begins: "And the savagery was not just on one side. There was much sadism and brutality—undeniably racist—on ours." As proof of this, Mr. Fussell states that it was not uncommon for a Marine to have a "well-washed Japanese skull to caress." Never mind that such an act would constitute ghoulishness rather than sadism or brutality; the charge is preposterous. I was a private in the Marine infantry on Tulagi, Guadalcanal, Roi-Namur, and Saipan. In the course of the war I served with the First, Second, and Fourth Marine Divisions. I never saw or heard of such a practice.

Also, the implication that many Marines had a go at "treating surrendering Japs as rifle targets" is misleading. On Tulagi we learned, at substantial cost, that the overwhelming majority of Japanese who seemed to want to surrender had no intention of doing so. They simply wanted to get close enough to a Jarhead to kill him. This lesson was repeated on Guadalcanal.

In all the breast-beating over Hiroshima and Nagasaki, a small but revealing detail has been forgotten. Dictionaries that list the word "kamikaze" note only that it refers to suicidal aerial attacks. For a short period after the war, many Japanese referred to the atomic bombings as "kamikazes," that is, the divine winds which saved Japan from utter destruction.

John F. Miller
Boston, Massachusetts

DANGEROUS ELOQUENCE

To the editors:

If morality is to be grounded in something other than simple self-interest, or is at least to be conceived as allowing for principles other than simple self-interest, Paul Fussell's argument cannot be regarded as either compelling or final. The GIs whom Fussell claims to represent had little power of decision over the use of the bomb. That decision was made or, rather, came about as the result of the acts of a number of people in very high places, people whose judgments, one would hope, were not clouded by the fundamental terrors and privations Fussell's GIs experienced. And it seems quite plain that those people made a very grave *moral* mistake. I cannot see how, if the notion of just war means anything, if the notion of laws of war makes any sense, the "decision" to use a wholly new weapon, of total indiscriminateness of effect, could be justified in terms of any practical results that might, even correctly, be predicted to come about owing to its use.

Fussell gives no evidence of having studied in detail the complexities of the

(continued on page 40)

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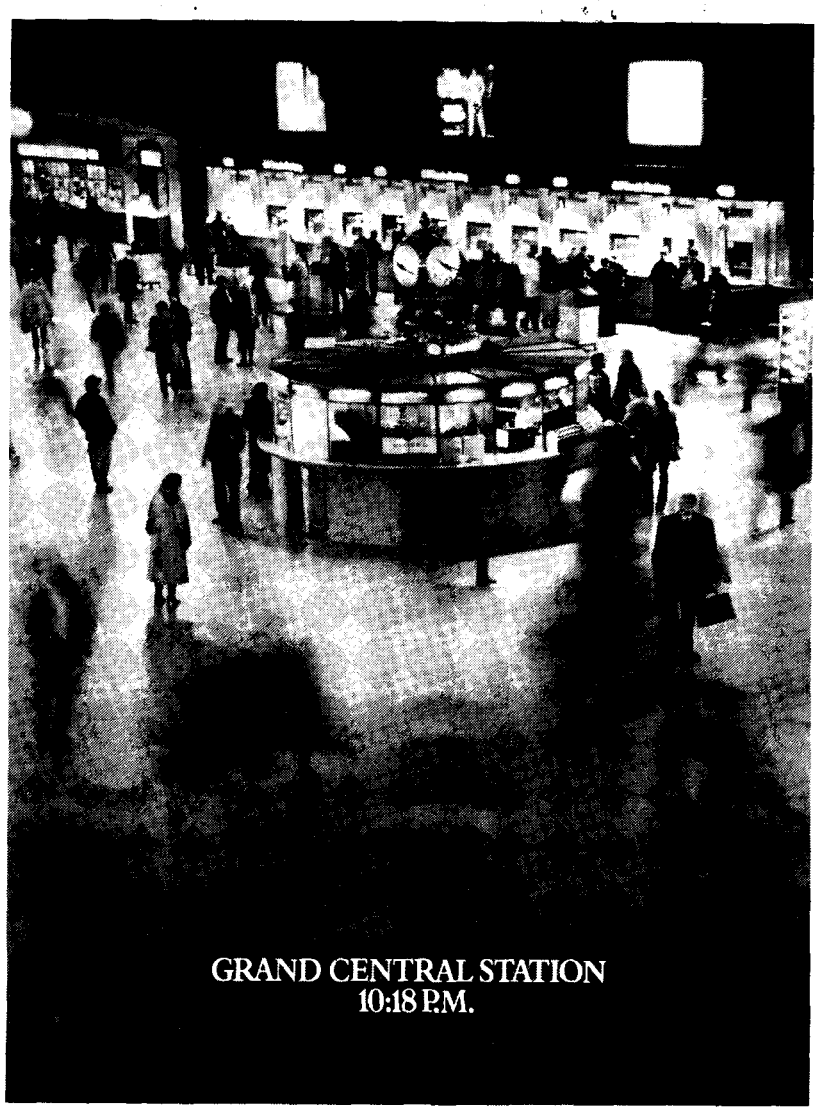
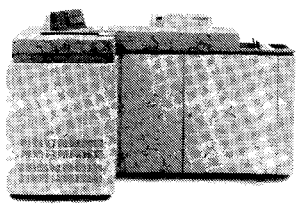
WITH SO MANY PEOPLE WORKING SO LATE, WHY ISN'T MORE WORK GETTING DONE?



The trouble with commuter railroad stations is that they tend to be misleading economic indicators.

Crowded late-night trains are supposed to mean busy executives, soaring output and higher productivity.

Today there are plenty of busy executives, but productivity is anything but higher. In fact, it's fallen during six of the past seven quarters.



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THE NEW REPUBLIC

SEPTEMBER 16, 1981

WEALTHY INGRATES

The rich are an ungrateful lot and rarely more so than now, when, if the Reagan administration is right, they have so much to be grateful for. Doubtless they will always be counted in Reagan's column; Republicanism remains a class habit, quickly acquired. Their lack of gratitude manifests itself in far more serious fashion, however, than in some unimaginable political apostasy. The rich, we are told, are the carriers and instruments of our dreams, creators of wealth, innovators of production, builders of national strength. Yet in the economic realm they are not behaving as they are supposed to behave. And that is a heresy undermining the very foundations of the president's economic program. If the rich don't believe that tax cuts will stir torpid industries to life, who will? Certainly not the men and women whose pay envelopes will temporarily include an additional five dollars a week (quickly to be snatched back in higher social security taxes).

The evidence suggests that Ronald Reagan's natural clientele does not think that his program will result in anything like the bounty for the country he has promised. To be sure, there was a short-lived "Reagan market," a testament of confidence, which five months into the presidential term had bolted past the Dow Jones index's mystical 1,000-point barrier. Everybody, the back-page pundits had been cheering, was optimistic about the future. The little investor, still skittish from two disastrous stock plunges in the previous decade, had begun to return to the market. Investors, big and small, mortgaged themselves to margin calls again, and much is yet to be lost in the current speculation fever. What a sage Wall Street practitioner, Harry Kahn, calls the "greed-fear cycle" has already come into play. The smart money sells when the mass is greedy; that's what it did. In the last week of August the market plunged to a 14-month low, and it was suddenly clear that there wasn't so much confidence after all. The smart money also buys when the mass is fearful. It's not yet time to buy, for the mass is not quite fearful enough. It soon will be, though, and with good reason. Then, with prices down, the sharks will buy again. But before that happens, there's still more bad news coming about the American economy.

One reason for the slump on Wall Street is the flawed theology of the tax cuts. It's only natural that the top Republicans, not knowing many middle-class families, don't understand that a few hundred dollars in tax relief (or even a thousand in the higher reaches of the bourgeoisie) will go to pay debts or consume a bit more rather than into savings and new investments. But the rich Republicans do know a lot about their own lives and the extent to which marginal increases in their incomes are likely to encourage indulgence rather than investment. In theory, less taxation (i.e., more money) might inspire greater generosity to the private charities which Reaganites have now charged with assuming the public burdens the government has sloughed off. But lower tax rates mean that the philanthropic dollar costs the rich donor 50 cents instead of 30 cents. So, instead of more money going to the voluntary sector, experts estimate there

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will be a lot less, maybe $20 billion less, over the next four years.

Still, with the prospect of all that surplus cash around, real estate prices have fallen in recent months, and so, too, the quotes for collectibles: diamonds, art, old coins, first-edition books, commemorative plates, rare baseball cards, fine bottle caps. Once the rich receive that extra five or ten "thou," the cost of these items will rise again. They are rationalized as investments but are really hedges against inflation, and wholly unproductive speculations. This is not what Dr. Supply Side prescribed.

As to housing start-ups, an accurate measure of the health of the nation's economy, the diagnosis is still dismal, and so is the prognosis. The July figures matched the lowest rates of the 1974-75 recession. Ordinary people just can't afford money. The sluggish sales of new automobiles are equally discouraging.

The proximate explanation is that the Federal Reserve Board continues to insist on high interest rates, and the stricter monetarists in the Reagan entourage agree. Our friend Kahn calls this leeching—a financial equivalent of medieval medicine. And leech is precisely what the government does, right off the capital markets. The government is in debt; the deficit will not, even with Stockman's furtive little glosses at shaving the defense budget, be brought under control. With less money collected from taxes, the federal government will go further into debt, and will be forced to pay 16 to 17 percent, and maybe more, for the people's money. There won't be much left for other segments of the economy. Not for the banks, some of which suspended their offers of "all savers" certificates immediately after the IRS warned that depositors might lose their tax exemption if they signed on for the bonus program. Not for capital formation for industry and even less for the cities and states, many of whose revenues, their rates linked to national levies, will also decline. In the private sector, the corporations have already spoiled the scenario: they are not planning for the growth they'd been scripted for. The Wall Street Journal says that corporations have let Reagan down by 35 to 55 percent in their share of his GNP projections. In the public and private money markets old bonds with good yields can be bought for a song—but no one is buying, because the sharks are waiting for the prices to fall still further. For those affected—especially those whose pension funds and insurance policies are still bonds-based—the values lost in the bond markets make a spectacle too horrible to contemplate.

The one decisive upturn for the US economy has been the strength of the dollar abroad. Under Carter there were actually days when both the Italian and Israeli lira rose against it. Now it's proud and very dear, almost six French francs and—revenge at last—more than two Swiss ones to our dollar. But that silver lining has a cloud, too, and it's not the prospect of the gold standard or the grievance of our allies. Our goods are becoming too expensive for foreigners to buy. So even our high-technology companies, already suffering from abstract currency losses impelled by the arcana of accounting rules on foreign earnings, can now definitely plan for concrete lower sales. What's sure to follow is another deluge of cheap foreign goods into the domestic market, and recurring demands for tariff protections.

The rich may be ungrateful; in that they are not much different from others. But in money matters they are smarter. They won't put their money where it won't make more, much more. They are not putting it where Reagan wants them to. He keeps on giving and they keep on asking and taking. For the supply siders, that is a desolating and self-fulfilling verdict.

WHITE HOUSE WATCH

HOLIDAY HANGOVER

THIS IS what a president gets for taking a month's vacation in California: things back east begin to collapse on him. Ronald Reagan left Washington a conquering hero, flushed with his victory over the Democrats on the budget and taxes. In early August, his own poll ratings took a sharp upturn, and the gap in voter identification between his party and the Democrats continued narrowing. He left on a wave of press predictions that the Republican party might win control of the House in 1982 and become the nation's dominant political party for the next generation, making Reagan the Franklin Delano Roosevelt (liberals would say the anti-FDR) of the late 20th century. Maybe most satisfying for the general citizenry, Reagan seemed to be giving the lie to all of those 1980 tomes which held that Vietnam, Watergate, OPEC, congressional subcommittees, and the federal iron triangle had rendered the modern presidency no longer imperial but impotent. This president had come to town and turned US economic policy around in six months. When he left on vacation, Washington was in awe.

What a difference a month makes. You can scarcely pick up a paper without reading a tale of economic gloom, and this inevitably translates into political trouble for the president. The economics of it all is that interest rates remain astronomical (latest prime rate: 20.5 percent), so money goes not into the bond or stock markets but into money market funds, where returns are greater. Paul Volcker, the chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, says he means to keep interest

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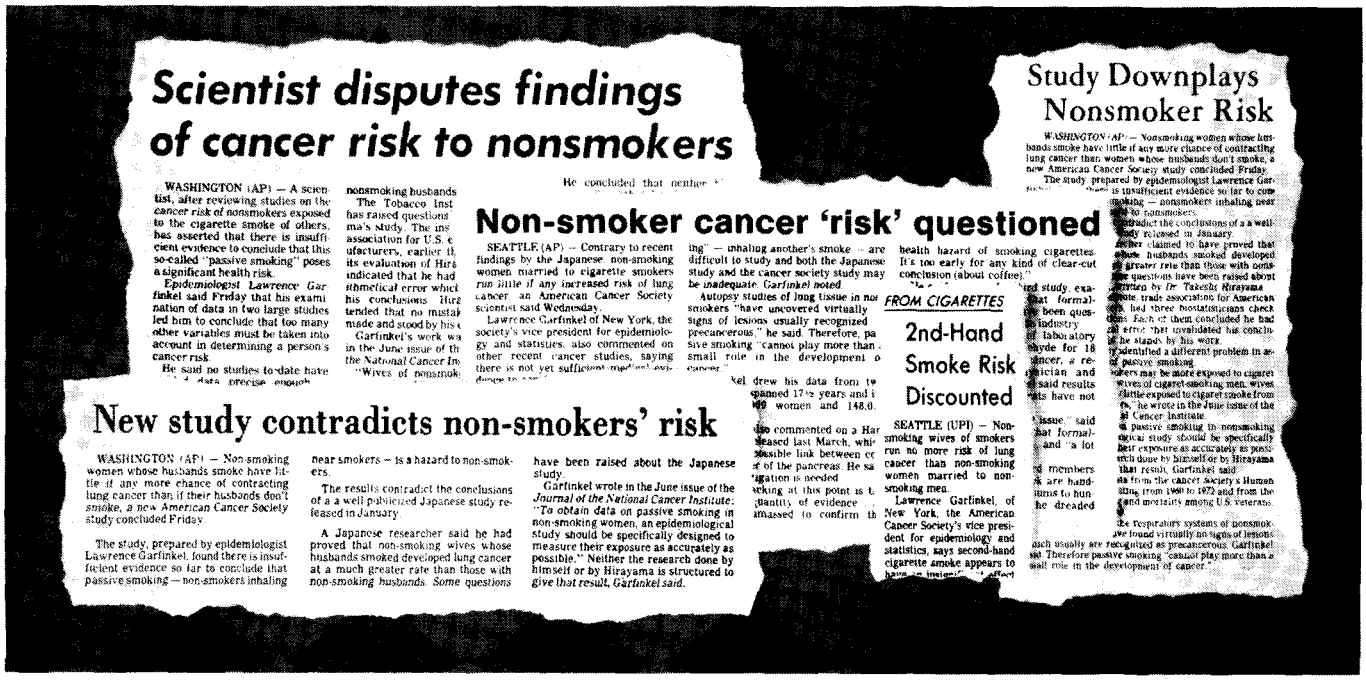
HERE'S WHAT'S NOW BEING SAID ABOUT TOBACCO SMOKE IN THE AIR.



Scientist disputes findings of cancer risk to nonsmokers

WASHINGTON (AP) — A scientist, after reviewing studies on the cancer risk of nonsmokers exposed to the cigarette smoke of others, has asserted that there is insufficient evidence to conclude that this so-called "passive smoking" poses a significant health risk.

Epidemiologist Lawrence Garfinkel said Friday that his examination of data in two large studies led him to conclude that too many other variables must be taken into account in determining a person's cancer risk.

He said no studies to date have ... data precise enough ... nonsmoking husbands.

The Tobacco Inst ... has raised questions ... ma's study. The ins ... association for U.S. c ... ufacturers, earlier th ... its evaluation of Hira ... indicated that he had ... mathematical error which ... his conclusions. Hira ... tended that no mistak ... made and stood by his c ...

Garfinkel's work wa ... in the June issue of th ... the National Cancer In ...

"Wives of nonsmok ...

He concluded that neither ...

Non-smoker cancer 'risk' questioned

SEATTLE (AP) — Contrary to recent findings by the Japanese non-smoking women married to cigarette smokers run little if any increased risk of lung cancer, an American Cancer Society scientist said Wednesday.

Lawrence Garfinkel of New York, the society's vice president for epidemiology and statistics, also commented on other recent cancer studies, saying there is not yet sufficient medical evi... to ...

ing" — inhaling another's smoke — are difficult to study and both the Japanese study and the cancer society study may be inadequate, Garfinkel noted.

Autopsy studies of lung tissue in no... smokers "have uncovered virtually signs of lesions usually recognized precancerous," he said. Therefore, pa... sive smoking "cannot play more than ... small role in the development o... cancer."

...kel drew his data from tw... spanned 17½ years and i... 900 women and 148,0...

...lso commented on a Har... released last March, whi... possible link between ce... of the pancreas. He sa... "gation is needed ... seeking at this point is t... quantity of evidence ... amassed to confirm th...

New study contradicts non-smokers' risk

WASHINGTON (AP) — Non-smoking women whose husbands smoke have little if any more chance of contracting lung cancer than if their husbands don't smoke, a new American Cancer Society study concluded Friday.

The study, prepared by epidemiologist Lawrence Garfinkel, found there is insufficient evidence so far to conclude that passive smoking — non-smokers inhaling near smokers — is a hazard to non-smokers.

The results contradict the conclusions of a a well-publicized Japanese study released in January.

A Japanese researcher said he had proved that non-smoking wives whose husbands smoked developed lung cancer at a much greater rate than those with non-smoking husbands. Some questions have been raised about the Japanese study.

Garfinkel wrote in the June issue of the Journal of the National Cancer Institute: "To obtain data on passive smoking in non-smoking women, an epidemiological study should be specifically designed to measure their exposure as accurately as possible." Neither the research done by himself or by Hirayama is structured to give that result, Garfinkel said.

Study Downplays Nonsmoker Risk

WASHINGTON (AP) — Nonsmoking women whose husbands smoke have little if any more chance of contracting lung cancer than women whose husbands don't smoke, a new American Cancer Society study concluded Friday.

The study, prepared by epidemiologist Lawrence Gar... ...is insufficient evidence so far to con... ...moking — nonsmokers inhaling near ... to nonsmokers.

...radict the conclusions of a a well... ...study released in January.

...ther claimed to have proved that ... husbands smoked developed ... greater rate than those with non... ...questions have been raised about ... ...rayama by Dr. Takeshi Hirayama ... ...rote, trade associations for American ... ...had three biostatisticians check ... ...them. Each of them concluded he had ... ...error that invalidated has conclu... ...he stands by his work.

...identified a different problem in as... ...passive smoking.

...wives may be more exposed to cigaret... ...wives of cigaret-smoking men, wives ... ...little exposed to cigaret smoke from ... ...," he wrote in the June issue of the ... ...al Cancer Institute.

...passive smoking in nonsmoking ... ...ogical study should be specifically ... ...their exposure as accurately as poss... ...arch done by himself or by Hirayama ... ...that result, Garfinkel said.

...ata from the cancer society's Human ... ...sting, from 1960 to 1972 and from the ... ...and mortality among U.S. veterans.

...The respiratory systems of nonsmok... ...ave found virtually no signs of lesions ... ...such usually are recognized as precancerous, Garfinkel ... ...said. Therefore passive smoking "cannot play more than a ... ...small role in the development of cancer."

FROM CIGARETTES

2nd-Hand Smoke Risk Discounted

SEATTLE (UPI) — Non-smoking wives of smokers run no more risk of lung cancer than non-smoking women married to non-smoking men.

Lawrence Garfinkel, of New York, the American Cancer Society's vice president for epidemiology and statistics, says second-hand cigarette smoke appears to ... ...

...at formal... ...been ques... ...industry ... ...laboratory ... ...ayde for 18 ... ...cancer, a re... ...ician and ... ...said results ... ...ats have not ...

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...d members ...% are hand... ...isms to hun... ...he dreaded ...

Several months ago, headlines around the world trumpeted alarming news. A Japanese study was claiming that non-smoking wives of smokers had a higher risk of lung cancer because of their husbands' tobacco smoke. That scared a lot of people and understandably so, if this claim was the last word.

But now new headlines have appeared. First, because several eminent biostatisticians found an apparent statistical error in the Japanese calculations—raising serious questions about the study.

Second, because Lawrence Garfinkel, the statistical director of the American Cancer Society who is opposed to smoking, published a report covering 17 years and nearly 200,000 people in which he indicated that "second-hand" smoke has insignificant effect on lung cancer rates in nonsmokers.

If you'd like to know more about these developments, write Scientific Division, The Tobacco Institute, 1875 I St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.

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rates high, so stock prices plunge (down more than 70 points in the Dow Jones average just for August). Why are interest rates going to remain high? Volcker says it's because inflation is still a problem (last month it was at an annual rate of 15.2 percent, even though everyone considers the true rate close to nine percent). Wall Street analysts say it's also because the Reagan administration is certain not to be able to hold the federal budget deficit down to its projected $42.5 billion for fiscal 1982 (most of them expect it to be $60 billion at least), meaning there will be increased demand for borrowed money.

Politically, it was only a few impolite liberals, at first, who pointed to Wall Street's fidgets and declared them evidence that all of Reagan's various tax bribes—corporate tax breaks, rich people's rate cuts, and incentives to seek capital gains—had failed to convince the Republican-dominated investor class of the wisdom of his overall economic policy. For a while, Reagan could still laugh off Wall Street's tremors, claiming that the stock market never had been an accurate gauge of long-term economic trends.

WHILE Reagan was out in California, though, Wall Street's worries traveled off the financial pages (at least in the east coast press) and became front-page (that is, political) news. Leading the way was Wall Street's own Wall Street Journal, with one day's headline reading "Credibility Gap: Stocks' Drop Reflects Fear That Basic Flaws Mar Reagan's Program" and another's saying "The Outlook. The President Fights for Credibility." The Christian Science Monitor took up the theme, topping page one last Monday with the headline, "Reagan's Credibility Faces Crucial Testing Time." In all the major eastern papers, stories quoted various economic analysts as doubting the basic design of Reagan's economic program. In essence, their argument was that two parts of the program would work at cross-purposes. Tax cuts would stimulate consumer spending while tight money would inhibit industrial activity. The result would be high inflation and sluggish growth—stagflation. As Joseph Kraft put it on the Washington Post op-ed page, "there has been no magic escape from stagflation. President Reagan faces the same unhappy choices that confronted the last three presidents—between growth and inflation, between more jobs and higher prices." The last three presidents, you will recall, were no Franklin D. Roosevelts.

Publicly, White House officials have been putting on a brave face about the deterioration of President Reagan's economic and political position. Murray Weidenbaum, the president's chief economic adviser, repeated the line that current problems were the result of monetary and fiscal licentiousness in the Carter years, and that "we have developed a policy which we believe surely will, over a period of several years, bring this economy to a healthy, non-inflationary period of sustained economic growth, but, very frankly, it won't be a quick fix, and we never said it would be." He said on "Meet the Press": "I see considerable pain on the economy right now. We're very well aware of the pain being suffered by our housing industry, automobile industry, agriculture, small business, in terms of the effect on high interest rates. Again, it's my estimation that as . . . the whole array of tax cuts really work their effect through the economy, we then will see the healthy expansion at a lower rate of inflation begin later this year and especially in 1982."

On a not-for-attribution basis, though, some other economic spokesmen said that there is nervousness and worry in the administration about the economic situation. "No question," said one of them, "there is a vicious circle problem. To the extent that the federal deficit is high, interest rates will stay up. And when interest rates go up, the deficit will go up, because of the increase in interest payments on the national debt. It's quite possible, too, that high interest rates will frustrate growth in the economy, which will lower tax receipts and raise the deficit."

Politically, too, this official said, "high interest rates are terrible. Take small-business men. If there are two things that characterize them, they are (1) that they need to borrow money to stay in business, and (2) they tend to be conservative and Republican. But they are really agonized by high interest rates. For the time being, they're willing to be patient, but there's a limit."

When Congress gets back to town, there may be a tendency for Democrats to take comfort from the president's apparent discomfort. After his party lost the tax fight, Speaker of the House Tip O'Neill found a cause for cheer in the defeat. "The monkey is off the Democrats' back," he said. "The cuts, brutal as they are, are the Reagan cuts. The deficit is the Reagan deficit. Reagan has won a big victory, but the horse that runs fast doesn't always run long." On a Washington radio talk show, Democratic Representative Fortney Stark of California went so far as to bet conservative columnist Pat Buchanan that the economy will be in shambles by August 1982. Stark will pay Buchanan ten dollars for every point that the prime rate is under 25 percent and inflation is under 12 percent. Buchanan will pay Stark if the numbers are higher. I suspect there is a temptation among many Democrats now to bet a lot more than money—to wit, their political futures—by declaring Reagan's economic program a cropper and by expecting the Republicans to be in trouble in the 1982 elections.

I SUSPECT the Democrats would be wrong, however—on two counts. First, Reagan is going to come roaring back to town demanding that Congress fulfill his deficit predictions by cutting yet further into domestic social programs. The White House definitely plans to go to the appropriations committees to seek spending cuts of $4.8 billion ($1.8 billion in education

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alone) which Reagan proposed but which escaped the butcher knife during the budget reconciliation battle this spring. The administration apparently also will ask for further cuts this year to make the administration's original projection of a $42.5 billion deficit come true. That will require cuts totaling at least $17.5 billion, if nonadministration analysts are right about the deficit's growth due to higher interest rates.

Whatever the administration doesn't ask for in cuts this year it is committed to go after next year and the year after, so that the budget comes into balance in fiscal 1984. The administration's budget proposals call for new cuts totaling $75 billion in fiscal 1983 and 1984 to achieve balance. After some semi-public wrangling between budget director David Stockman and Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger, the White House announced that $30 billion of that will come from a slowdown in Pentagon spending, but the rest will come from domestic programs, probably including Social Security, Medicare, and other entitlement programs.

So Democrats would be wrong to gloat about Reagan's current economic woes, because the president is going to try to solve his problems *not* by reconsidering his tax cuts but by making Congress slash more spending. And the more the Democrats crow about the size of the deficits, the more leverage he has in forcing them to cut.

The second reason the Democrats should not be smug is that the eastern press and Wall Street may be overstating Reagan's troubles. Although there has been a lot of gloom-and-doom forecasting from some economic analysts, two Democratic experts say the economy is likely to be in quite good shape in November 1982, when it counts. Both Otto Eckstein of Data Resources, Inc., and Alice Rivlin of the Congressional Budget Office are predicting high deficits for fiscal 1982 and sluggish growth through the rest of this year. Eckstein even thinks interest rates will stay high—prime rate, 18.5 percent—through most of next year. But his projections call for individual and corporate tax cuts to kick economic growth up to 4.9 percent (and unemployment down to 7.2 percent) by the third quarter of the year, while monetary restraint will have choked the inflation rate down to 7.7 percent. Rivlin will disclose CBO's actual projections to the House Budget Committee on September 10, but she said last week that "we are quite optimistic about the economy. We are not in a Thatcher dilemma." When Rivlin last gave Congress an economic forecast in March, she projected a growth rate of 2.5 percent for 1982 and an inflation rate of 9.2 percent. Both figures will be better than that, she indicated, and interest rates will also be down. That news could be the beginning of Ronald Reagan's comeback from the August doldrums. Democrats had better watch out.

MORTON KONDRACKE

The rationality of the 'neutron bomb.'

TACTICAL ADVANCE

THE ADMINISTRATION'S decision to put enhanced radiation weapons into production is an important step toward restoring the military balance, but it is also an act of faith in the basic rationality of the public, both here and in Europe. The decision cuts through the fog of misconception and unreason that has surrounded these weapons ever since their existence was disclosed in a series of inflammatory Washington Post articles in 1977: the notion that these weapons would constitute an escalation of the strategic arms race, when in fact they are artillery shells and short-range missiles, that is, tactical weapons, strictly and obviously for battlefield use; the notion that they are especially destructive, when in fact they are designed specifically to contain destruction to the smallest possible area around the actual target; the notion that they would be more likely than existing tactical nuclear weapons to trigger a general nuclear war, when in fact their greater credibility as deterrents to a Soviet blitzkrieg would have precisely the opposite effect; the phrase "neutron bomb" itself, with its suggestion that after the atomic bomb and the hydrogen bomb a new and equally momentous bomb had appeared on the scene to inaugurate a still more dangerous era, when in fact the "neutron effect" is simply one of the elements which previously existing tactical nuclear weapons also had. All of these themes appeared in the Post series in 1977; all were lent credence by President Carter's decision the following year to defer production of the weapon; all have been eagerly exploited by Soviet propaganda. And all have now been rightly rejected by the Reagan administration, which in this instance has put its faith in the ability of reasoned discourse to triumph over both misunderstanding and malicious misrepresentation.

There was, to be sure, some tactical disagreement between the State Department and the Pentagon on the timing of the announcement, but none at all on the substance of the matter. In the meantime the fundamental strategic facts that brought the new weapons into existence have become more pressing than ever. The Soviet Union's army of armored striking forces, equipped, trained, and deployed to launch high-speed offensives of deep penetration across Germany, is still being reinforced. NATO ground forces, organized in a long, thin cordon from the Baltic to Austria, still cannot offer a persuasive protection of West Germany and Western Europe. Tactically the defense may have a three-to-one advantage over an attacker, but across a whole front the linear defense needs much more strength to stop (and by extension to deter) an attacker

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who can direct his thrusts at narrow sectors of his own choosing. That is why we still must rely on battlefield nuclear weapons to balance the imbalance of forces—and now more than ever since the overall air balance too is shifting against the West. But today's nuclear artillery shells and Lance warheads are much too powerful for the task. If fired upon Soviet armored columns, they would inflict great circles of destruction on civilian life all around. These 20-year-old weapons are most unsatisfactory from a strictly tactical point of view (and they also are more accident-prone than the enhanced radiation weapons will be, since much progress has been made in the design of fusing and control devices over the last two decades). But the greatest defect of these old weapons is strategical: the deterrence that keeps the peace cannot be as persuasive as it should be since the Soviet leaders have good reason to calculate that we would be too frightened to use them should an invasion take place.

The one reasonable criticism of the enhanced radiation weapons is that they would lower the nuclear threshold. That may be so in theory but not in fact, since the superior range of the new artillery shells would at least alleviate the now serious danger of panicked gun crews firing off their nuclear rounds when about to be overrun by Soviet armor.

As Herbert Scoville Jr. correctly pointed out on the August 26 New York Times op-ed page, the neutron warheads would not be more destructive of enemy tanks than the current fission bombs, which are ten or 20 times more powerful. But the huge difference is that these much smaller weapons are just as good as the large ones in destroying Soviet armored columns while being altogether less destructive of innocent civilian lives roundabout.

SCOVILLE and others have now taken to debating the relative merits of gamma radiation versus neutron radiation. We have not heard of their body and bouquet being compared, but we have heard about substantiation that gamma radiation is somehow more desirable. It is a fact, however, that neither Scoville nor any other competent critics will challenge the proposition that the use of neutron bombs could destroy a major part of an invading Soviet army while leaving West Germany in large part intact, an outcome entirely impossible if fission bombs, shells, and warheads were to be employed for the same purpose. There would be, to be sure, some tens of thousands of civilian dead but that, alas, is what one would expect from ordinary artillery bombardments. Fission bombs, on the other hand, would kill by the millions. Enhanced radiation weapons would never be used to start a war. They would only be employed in the midst of war and even then only if NATO's conventional forces had already failed to stop a Soviet invasion. If there is ever an invasion, let us remember what it would entail without any nuclear destruction at all: massive artillery barrages that would destroy whole towns, thousands of aircraft bombing and strafing, and great masses of armor smashing their way across crowded German countryside. Enhanced radiation warheads, even in the hundreds, would add little to the destruction, and their timely deployment would greatly improve the chances of deterring war in the first place, and of bringing it to a speedy end if, God forbid, it came.

EDWARD LUTTWAK

Edward Luttwak is the author of *Strategy and Politics: Collected Essays* (Transaction Books).

A FOOL AND HIS MONEY

PENNY FOR YOUR STOCKS

MY grandmother came from one of those families of straitened circumstance and grand memories which forced her to inhabit the unfashionable Hudson River towns in New Jersey opposite Manhattan. It was in Weehauken, on a street that cannot have been very stylish, that she laid eyes on Hetty Green and was changed for life.

Hetty was given to eccentricities. She wore old clothes and carried bits of half-consumed food in brown paper bags as she came out of her boarding house every morning to ferry across the river and go downtown to her place of business. Not a prepossessing woman. But every eye in the neighborhood was upon her, for Hetty Green was the richest woman in America in those days of long, sunlit afternoons when William Howard Taft lived in the White House. They called her the Witch of Wall Street, and my grandmother admired her mightily and emulated her in every way she could.

Hetty, who'd been taught business by her father, parlayed a decent-sized inheritance into a billion-dollar (in modern money) fortune by speculating in foreign currencies, railroad stock, and real estate. Grandmother, however, was successful only in copying Hetty's hairdo, though no number of failed flings in the market weakened her conviction that she was the true pupil of the female financier. Her firm belief that

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watching the Witch of Wall Street get on and off the trolly had imbued her with Hetty's special talents never left her. To the day she died, the dear lady used her spare change to lunge into some investment or other as Hetty might have done. Once her children gave her a chunk of money to buy a refrigerator to replace the icebox and root cellar as a means of food storage. The money disappeared in an oil well speculation for which Grandmother received a check for approximately 27 cents four times a year. The money for the vacuum cleaner and the electric iron went for in-on-the-ground-floor stocks of companies unknown then or now. The upshot was that her children stopped trusting her with cash money; her presents henceforth came as merchandise, but if left to her druthers, no doubt about it, she preferred the fun and fantasy of playing the market.

GRANDMA had discovered the penny stock. Penny stocks were those that used to cost less than a dollar a share. Nowadays the term is usually applied to those that cost less than five bucks a share, although there are many that still go for 99 cents or less. Penny stocks are issued by long-shot companies, often with little more to recommend them than an enthusiastic chief executive officer who may or may not be a con man. They are priced so that people who can't afford $60 a share for IBM—or are bored by the idea—can participate in the thrills and spills of investment venture capitalism by buying 100 shares of Tracer Silver, Inc., for a double sawbuck.

These stocks offer the excitement of betting on a horse race with none of the social opprobrium. Lose your money at the race track, Atlantic City, or Vegas and they call you an irresponsible wastrel. Plunge on a penny stock—an estimated $800 million's worth of them were sold last year—and you may be looked on as a public benefactor, a person given over to the patriotic and socially necessary work of "capital accumulation." Call up your bookie and they call you a bum; call up your stock broker to invest in a company no one has ever heard of and you are a hero of the supply side.

Penny stock plunging is the only form of gambling where your losses are tax deductible—all business expenses are, you know—and where your gains, your veritable capital gains, are taxed at a lower rate than your salary. And there are winners in penny stocks. For example, a friend of mine bought a bunch of shares in some kind of Central American mineral mine called El Coco (the names of many a penny stock are as inviting as anything running at Hialeah). He paid a nickel a share. After a while he tried to sell his shares, but he couldn't. They were fetching nil, the stockbroker's euphemism for finishing out of the money. But in this form of gambling, don't be too sure your horse has finished last, because the finish line is movable. A few months later El Coco was back from nil, on the track paying 100 to one. I have another friend who bought Silverstack, another mining something-or-other, at 30 cents a share and sold it at $34.

AN ACTIVE and exciting market must have its legendary winners, its stories of bolt-out-of-the-blue riches. Bubble and tingle, the adrenalin of anticipation, are as important to the would-be investor as the odds against winning. If you can't get anything else out of the market you want some fun for your money. You don't get it these days on the New York Stock Exchange, a humdrum place where only insiders and professionals, i.e., bears who know how to make money on a falling market, are walking out with big rolls in their pockets. No more "nifty-fifties" and "go-go" stocks on the Big Board, although some famous names like Pan Am have lost so much value they now are technically penny stocks selling for under five bucks a throw.

The penny stock world abounds in tales of quick jackpots and unexpected riches. Huston oil started at a dime a share and was worth a dollar, a thousand percent more, four days later. Kee Exploration was selling at ten cents at ten a.m. and was up to 48 cents nine minutes later. If you don't play slot machines, where else are you going to get action like that?

Many penny stocks are traded in places like the Denver Stock Exchange—because a lot are shares in mining and oil exploration companies operating in that part of the world, and because the rules for stock trading are looser out there—but you can buy penny stocks anywhere. If you badger your broker, he'll sell one to you, although most people in that line of work don't care to mess with them. Too small-time. Also, since a typical broker is apt to know next to nothing about the companies in question, a conversation about penny stocks will make him or her look more ignorant than usual.

Where there is betting, there you will find a tout sheet. A subscription to the Penny Stock Newsletter is as good a way to get into the market as there is. ($45 a year from P.O. Box 86, Columbia, Maryland 21045.) Bear in mind that losers as well as winners study the tout sheets, on Wall Street as at the track, and there are always more losers than winners. You pit your brains, knowledge, and intuition, or lack thereof, against everybody else's in the full awareness that there would be no winners if there weren't suckers to lift the money from.

Here are the names of some stocks mentioned recently in the Penny Stock Newsletter to get you going. Your best bet is to get the addresses of these companies through the Securities and Exchange Commission, where they are registered, and then write to them for information. Every penny stock should be researched. Furthermore, half the fun is sitting around your living room after a dinner purchased with your last batch of food stamps before the Reagan cut-off, studying brochures and saying to your

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Crooks and Clowns on TV

See the dastard. Hiss at him. See the dolt. Hoot at him. They're both businessmen, TV variety.

In the skimpy fare served up as network entertainment night after night, the business world is peopled mostly by ne'er-do-wells and nincompoops. Likely as not, businessmen and women are portrayed on the tube as schemers and lawbreakers, a la J.R. Ewing, or else they're bubbleheads bumbling about and mouthing off for laughs, in the manner of Archie Bunker.

Such are the key gleanings of a study, first of its kind ever done, looking into the way television depicts people in business. The study found that two out of every three businessmen on television come across as foolish, greedy, or evil. In the prime-time view, over half of all corporate chiefs commit illegal acts, ranging from fraud to murder. Some 45% of all business activities are shown as illicit. Only 3% of TV business people behave in ways that are socially and economically productive.

The study, titled *Crooks, Conmen and Clowns: Businessmen in TV Entertainment,* was done by The Media Institute, a Washington-based research organization that seeks to improve the level and quality of media coverage of business and economic affairs. If the institute's researchers wound up their work bug-eyed and babbling, that's understandable. They peered at 200 episodes of the top 50 series on ABC, CBS, and NBC: sitcoms, shoot-'em-ups, dramas, and the like. The sample excluded all specials, sporting events, and news programs.

Analyzing the shows' content and characters, the institute confirmed what some of us in business have long been squirming about: As pictured by the floppy-necked quiche nibblers who dream up network series, most businessmen are either blackguards or buffoons. "Businessmen on prime-time television are consistently shown in an unflattering light," The Media Institute said. "Sixty-seven percent are portrayed in a negative manner—as criminals, fools, or greedy or malevolent egotists—while only 25% are shown in a positive light."

The bigger the business, the more unfavorably its practitioners are painted. The leaders of large companies tend to be cast as out-and-out crooks, lesser executives as mere miscreants, and small businessmen as dimwits. In TV's vision of business, ethics are about as rare as rowboats in the Sahara.

Why the perverse portrayals? Leonard J. Theberge, president of The Media Institute, points out that TV entertainment adheres to a simplistic format of good versus bad. In years past, "bad" was personified by such societal stereotypes as minorities, ethnic groups, and women. Happily, such stereotypes have all but been eliminated. Still, the bad-guy slot remains to be filled. Business folks, it seems, make suitably handy villains and knuckleheads.

Theberge notes, too, the existence of "cultural reasons which might explain a bias by TV writers against businessmen. For example, it is not a new phenomenon for creative artists to look down on the commercial sector."

Two ironies obtrude. One is that the networks whose shows project businessmen as scoundrels and jesters are themselves commercial enterprises run by, yes, businessmen. The other is that the programs denigrating business are supported by advertising dollars from—you guessed it—business.

UNITED TECHNOLOGIES

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significant other, "Shall it be Impact Energy or Data-Force International? Or hey, wait a minute, look at Search Natural Resources. That's gotta be a winner." "No way," says the significant other, "I like Nor-Quest Resources Ltd., or Dontronix, or wow! I could really go for Lexicon in the electronics."

Naturally not everyone is a high flyer like Grandma. For low altitude cruising there is the bond market, with its guaranteed percentage return on the price of the bond. The problem with bonds is that their prices have had a tendency to take terrible lurches downward these past years, so that although you may be getting neat-o interest, if you want to sell your bond you may discover you can't get what you paid for it. That being the case, the bond market isn't for anyone who may have to sell a bond in a hurry. It has to be for someone who can wait until the price fluctuates upward.

That's the other thing about bonds these days. Their price has been fluctuating with the jittery upsy-downsiness we associate with stocks. In the good old days—

NICK'S PICKS... BART'S CHARTS

Just one short month ago Reagan's economic program swept through Congress and was hailed as the greatest economic innovation since the New Deal. So it was sobering to watch Federal Reserve Board chairman Paul Volcker, Council of Economic Advisers chairman Murray Weidenbaum, and even Jimmy Carter's former economic adviser, Charles Schultze, on the Sunday morning news programs trying to rationalize the worst week of economic news since Reagan took office.

The return to double-digit inflation (the greatest monthly increase in 16 months, an annual rate of 15.4 percent) was easy enough to dismiss as just an aberration in the way the Consumer Price Index is calculated. But how can the collapse of the stock and bonds markets be explained? Congress was quick to embrace Reaganomics, but Wall Street remains nonplussed.

During the Republican primaries of 1980, John Anderson declared that the only way to balance the budget, cut taxes, and increase defense spending was with mirrors. The stock market appears to concur, plummeting to its lowest level in 14 months. With the tax cut in place, and plans to dramatically increase military spending still intact, only the true believers continue to project a balanced budget. The supply-side gospel says that a tax cut will result in economic growth so great that it will produce enough tax revenues to offset the tax reductions. Nonbelievers, however, see a growing budget deficit, requiring the federal government to borrow in the capital markets and thereby keep interest rates out of sight for the foreseeable future. High interest rates put a damper on economic growth, making an increase in tax revenues very unlikely. They also wreak havoc in financial markets for two reasons. First, the markets reflect the investing communities' collective judgment of companies' future prospects. When forecasts are bleak, stock prices are depressed. In addition, high interest rates siphon money out of the stock and bonds markets and into safe, high-yielding investments like money market funds.

So while our money market fund, Dreyfus Liquid Assets, is earning a record 17.4 percent interest, the rest of our hypothetical fund has mirrored the collapse on Wall Street. This month we have the dubious distinction of having a portfolio in which every investment is worth less than we paid for it. All of our holdings lost ground this month with seven of our ten investments hitting new lows. Southwest Airlines, our newest investment, was our bigger loser.

As we enter the homestretch in our hypothetical exercise in the investment world, we will need some dramatic gains in the final months to make a respectable showing. This month we will sell our Chrysler bonds, one of our less depressed holdings. The net proceeds for Chrysler are deposited into Dreyfus Liquid Assets which, together with our stock dividends and interest payments for the month, give us $222,774. This month we will go with Lexicon at one dollar a share. We will buy a hypothetical 99,000 shares (only about 15,000 shares are traded in an average day), costing us $99,000 with $990 (one percent) going to our broker.

After 63 weeks, our portfolio looks like this:

	July 15	August 31
93 Beatrice Foods bonds	$ 76,260	$ 66,030
156 Chrysler Financial Corp. bonds	99,060	
140 Resorts International bonds	86,100	80,150
11,250 shares MONY Mortgage	78,750	75,938
11,778 shares Templeton Growth Fund	92,693	87,393
2,250 shares Gulf Oil	86,625	82,406
7,400 shares Kinder-Care	107,300	98,050
2,800 shares Harte-Hanks	100,800	92,050
2,500 shares Anheuser-Busch	94,375	85,938
2,100 shares Southwest Airlines	98,175	72,975
99,000 shares Lexicon		99,000
Dreyfus Liquid Assets	104,980	122,784
TOTAL	$1,025,118	**$962,714**

The score so far (since June 20, 1980):

Consumer Price Index (estimated)	+12.5 percent
Dow Jones Industrial Average	+ 0.9 percent
TNR's Fool Fund	- 3.7 percent

BART RUBENSTEIN

Bart Rubenstein is general manager of *Channels* magazine.

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that's defined as about five years ago—bonds didn't do that. If you bought a bond for $100 paying eight per cent, its sales price might dip down to $98 or zoom up to $101.50, but the fluctuations were so small that bonds were safe, secure, sound, and all that other good conservative stuff. Now! Oy! Buy a bond for $92 and you turn around a couple weeks later to see the mother selling for $78. That's not conservatism, that's Dadaism.

It's inflation that has killed bond prices. The lower the price you pay for a bond, the higher the interest rate, and interest rates have had to be high to compensate for the deteriorating quality of money.

But, as your Fool has insisted for some time now, the inflation rate is dropping. The control of money manufacture begun by Federal Reserve Board Chairman Volker under Carter has been continued with more consistency and more purpose under Reagan. Liberals may not like "tight money," but they've got it and if they're wise they'll try to cash in on it. One may not like Mr. Reagan, one may even secretly wish inflation would not come down so as to make it easier to kick him out, but wishful thinking has no place in the land of the long green.

There is a growing spread between the inflation rate and prevailing interest rates you can get on bonds. If inflation sludges down into the five percent level, as it probably will in the next year, and you have locked and bolted in a 15 or 16 percent return on a high-grade bond, that is, a bond issued by the government or one of the bigger corporations, the difference between the two rates is spelled p-r-o-f-i-t. Moreover, the prices of bonds may even move up somewhat if, in addition to inflation slowing, interest rates drop a little.

They can't drop much. The government has to borrow money to pay for Reagan's new armies and armadas. That pushes the price of money—interest rates—up, which as we all know is bad for the construction and auto industries. However, the Republicans are toying with the hypothesis that those two areas of the economy can be suffering from droops and dropsies and the rest of the nation can enjoy enough prosperity to avoid stinging people into sauntering over to the polling places with disagreeable intent. Thus we may see yet another situation most economists would have told us was outlandishly improbable—interest rates staying up, if not quite at these levels, as inflation goes down. Given the uncertainties of the stock market and philately, you could buy yourself a nice bond and afford a real vacation next summer.

NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN

No one will ever be fastest, but someone will always be faster.

THE LIMITS OF SPORT

BY ERICH SEGAL

TRADITION has it that when Alexander the Great had battled his way to India, he sat down and cried because there were no new worlds to conquer. Even if merely a dramatic fabrication, it is nonetheless a perfect metaphorical expression of the ancient Greek mentality. These were a people motivated by what the cultural historian Jakob Burckhardt called "the agonal drive," an endemic compulsion to excel, outdo all others, be number one. I would prefer to label this attitude "the Achilles Complex"—and it is no coincidence that the great Alexander was obsessed by the figure of Homer's angry young man.

But to what end was *all* of Achilles's education directed? It is concisely expressed in his father's parting words to him as the young warrior embarks for Troy. Peleus admonishes Achilles "always to be the very best, distinguished from everyone else" (*Iliad* 11. 784). Of course the lad needed little paternal exhortation to spur him on his quest for glory. Yet it is curious to note how the ancient Greeks defined "excellence." We rarely find Homeric heroes boasting of how many men (or monsters) they have slain, or even—another very valid index—how much treasure they have captured. The struggle for Achilles's armor after his death is not for divinely wrought equipment, but for the glory that would go to its possessor: the distinction of being "the very best, distinguished from everyone else." The honor wasn't quantifiable; it was absolute.

As Bruno Snell demonstrates in *The Discovery of the Mind*, the ancient Greeks had no concept of the inner man. Achilles was motivated toward outdoing others, but not necessarily outdoing himself. No doubt when he killed Hector he suffered a depressing case of *ne plus*

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ultra. Like his spiritual descendant Alexander, he had reached the outer limits of achievement. There could be nothing more save death.

The Greeks also had no concept of the "record" as a measurement of something previously unsurpassed. The word itself only appears in this sense in the late 19th century, and could never have evolved without Renaissance humanism and its emphasis on individual achievement. Leonardo was striving not so much to be the best in any one of his many fields (he was, one might say, an intellectual "decathlete"), but to extend his own talents further and further. He even longed to fly. Yet what were his dying words? He is said to have muttered, "But I have done nothing!"

The values of Achilles have been obsolete for thousands of years. But the spirit of Leonardo is alive and well, inspiring both the first and the last man who finish the Boston Marathon. Indeed, whether one has covered the distance in 2:09 or 9:02, every marathoner is thinking, "But I have done nothing!"

I presume to speak for marathon runners because I have been one. Years ago I rubbed shoulders briefly with Olympians and world champions. Most importantly I have exchanged thoughts with them. And I have discovered that only a single small trait separates me from the likes of Abebe Bikila and Billy Rodgers: talent. Yes, their feet move a little faster. But still our hearts and minds work in perfect synchrony. And the marathon makes philosophers of us all. But then, what other sport gives you so much time to think?

ROGER BANNISTER, MAY 6, 1954, BY UPI

In 1953 I was in a serious accident and almost lost my right leg. When at last I could stand and walk a bit, the doctor prescribed light running to help stimulate the atrophied muscles. I was put into the care of our high school track coach for special supervision. After a long while I was able to run without limping. Later still I could trot two or three miles. And then more, and more. . . . Soon "unofficial" running was not enough.

In the spring of 1955, I entered the Boston Marathon for the first time. Naturally, my goal merely was to cover that immense distance. And with much difficulty I succeeded, in the unspectacular time of 3:43. What happened at the finish line is both symbolic and true: I had stationed a college classmate with a camera to record my historic achievement if and when I actually made it. I crossed. He clicked. My magnificent exploit was now preserved for eternity. Except that in the excitement of the moment, my friend had neglected a small technical detail. He had not put film in his camera. He was terribly chagrined, and wondered how I could forgive him. But I was unperturbed. The instant I crossed the finish line I experienced a profound psychic metamorphosis. It no longer seemed important merely to have completed the course. The achievement, like my friend's camera, was suddenly empty. For within me a new voice loudly shouted *citius*.

Yes, the demons were speaking Latin because they knew that classics was my major at Harvard. Such a study fosters a hypersensitivity to the subtleties of grammar, and it enabled me to make an interesting cultural discovery: the ancient Greeks aspired to the superlative. Achilles had to be *aristos Achaiōn*, "the very best of the Achaians." But modern man strives ever onward in the self-ameliorating comparative: *citius altius fortius*—faster, higher, stronger.

The aforementioned is, I confess, merely a desperate attempt to find an intellectual explanation for an overwhelming irrational psychic impulse. At 3:43 p.m. on the afternoon of April 19, 1955, I was not luxuriating in self-satisfaction at having just run 26 miles 385 yards. I was obsessed by how much faster I might be able to cover the same course in a year's time. After five years of improved marathon times, each beset by escalating expectation, I stood at the Boston starting line with the ultimate in mind—I wanted to break the three-hour mark.

The records show that my time was 2:56 that year. They do not show, however, that even then my joy was muted. The inner songs of triumph were drowned out by a cacophony of *citius*. Three hours was no longer fraught with mystical significance. I was free to dream of going much faster. Indeed, considering how far ahead so many others were, there was ample room for fantasy.

There have been many so-called "magic" barriers in athletic performances. In 19th-century America, there was an almost pathological compulsion to try to cycle a mile a minute. This seemingly impossible feat was accomplished at last in 1899. Yet the first man to do it, one Charles Murphy, is today a mere footnote in history. For years cyclists have been able to go twice that fast.

Still, without any question, the most famous barrier

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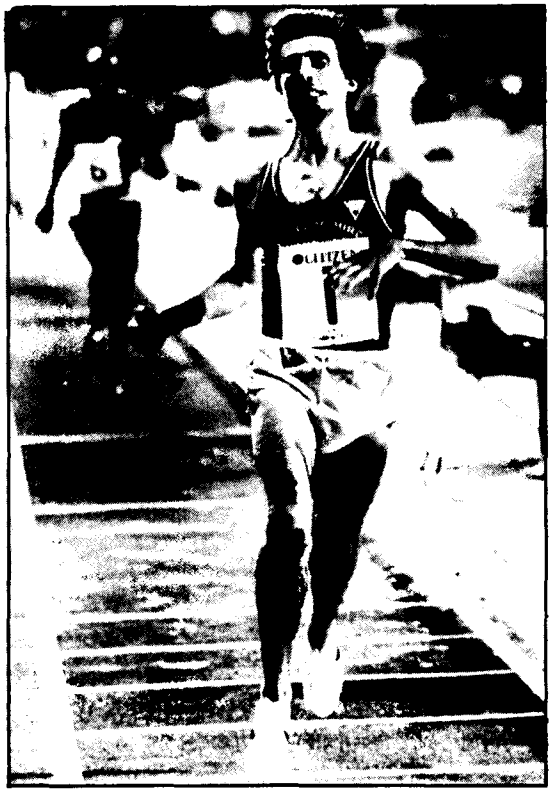
in sports history was the four-minute mile. And yet I seriously wonder if it would have acquired such mystique if the first man to break it had not been that eloquent, obsessive Roger Bannister. Throughout his autobiography we sense his all-consuming fixation to cut two brief seconds from his previous best time. After all, Glenn Cunningham, that great miler of the 1930s, claimed that he had often surpassed four minutes in practice sessions, but it had never seemed important to have to do so officially in a race. He had just wanted to win.

Not Bannister. To him, breaking four minutes would be extending the "ultimate" in human capability. Indeed, as a doctor he believed that the effort required would be so enormous that the runner would exhaust his entire oxygen reserve a few yards before the finish and have to complete the race as a semi-conscious reflex action. He planned his race according to his own theories. The rest is history.



SEBASTIAN COE, AUGUST 28, 1981, BY UPI

And look at the photos of Bannister after his epoch-making run on May 6, 1954. His face shows that his body had not an ounce of reserve. He could not have done an instant better. His 3:59.4 had to be the ultimate time for the mile. Yet on August 7 of that same year, Bannister ran 3:58.8. Without collapsing. Clearly, once he had broken four minutes he felt no further psychic inhibition. There was no magic in 3:58. Nor does there appear to be in 3:50. Values are what they are, Hamlet tells us, "because thinking makes it so."

Only July 18, 1979, the London Daily Express wrote the following of a sub-3:50 race: "Coe came up the final straight looking almost relaxed, hardly gasping. . . . What a fantastic contrast to the complete exhaustion of . . . Sir Roger Bannister. . . ."

Of course the barriers are purely mental. Sebastian Coe was relaxed in Oslo because he did not consider 3:49 any kind of ultimate. Indeed, when he ran 3:48.5 on August 19 of this year, he confessed to being "somewhat disappointed." And how did he feel ten days later after bettering his mile record by yet another full second to 3:47.3? "I'd like to think there's more to come," he declared laconically. How *much* more Coe would not venture to predict. Because somewhere in a corner of his consciousness lurks a notion of the very fastest he thinks *he* can go and he dares not articulate this theoretical limit.

Perhaps Sebastian Coe secretly believes 3:30 unattainable. He would do well not to say so, because sooner or later some madman will appear on the track and prove him wrong. There are simply no absolute limits.

This is no mere romantic view. Who in his right mind would have imagined, much less predicted, that at the 1968 Olympics in Mexico a meteor named Bob Beamon would long-jump 29′2″? Such a distance seemed beyond human capabilities. It couldn't be considered remotely possible until it had actually happened.

Sports publications employ various abbreviations to designate special times that athletes run, or distances they throw or jump. The most familiar example is "WR," world record. But the letters I regard as most significant are "PR," meaning personal record. It is one of the major humanistic advances in sport that today we take notice of the occasion when the athlete outdoes him or herself. Very few of us can be with Sebastian Coe as he completes that final lap, yet we can nonetheless live the life of *citius altius fortius*.

There is now age-group competition, an invention which can only be surpassed if Ponce de Leon should appear with water from the fountain of youth. How else could I have been joyful on my 40th birthday? I will even approach 50 with euphoria, because that will mean yet another set of standards to challenge. One would assume that the late Larry Lewis of San Francisco was a very happy man—on his one-hundreth birthday, and several birthdays thereafter—when he raced 100 meters under official conditions. To my knowledge he still holds the world's record for ages 100-106.

And yet I wonder if, as each of them traveled homeward after a record-breaking run, old Larry Lewis and young Sebastian Coe did not think the same thoughts, share the same state of mind: "But I have done nothing."

It is inherent in human nature not to accept limits. Alexander, weeping for new worlds to conquer, was doomed to unhappiness. For this impetuous young Macedonian never really mastered the essence of Greek wisdom. As Montaigne remarked, "Alexander only conquered the world, but Socrates conquered *himself*."

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Newspaper publishers protect their cash cows.

THE LATEST MOOS

BY MICHAEL KINSLEY

TYCOONS of every industry have their own lines of humbug. But only news tycoons drape their humbug in the Constitution, and only they can parade it into homes across America every day disguised as high-minded editorial opinion, or even as news. They also have unique leverage over politicians. "Critical First Amendment principles fundamental to a democracy are at stake . . .," warned the American newspaper Publishers Association, in a dispute between publishers and the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. What is at stake, in fact, is money.

The fight is over the incipient technological revolution known as "videotext"—information sent into people's homes on electric wires and displayed on TV screens. Someday soon we'll all be plugged into a giant computer network, from which we can call up news and sports scores, our bank accounts, stock market reports, airline schedules, the Sears catalogue, and so on. The organization with the most wires in place is AT&T. Bell wants to set up a videotext network over telephone lines and sell access to various providers of information. Bell also wants to use the system for some of its own information services, such as the Yellow Pages. But these would be "living" Yellow Pages, constantly updated with sale promotions and new listings. To newspaper publishers, this begins to sound a lot like the kind of First Amendment service they're used to providing, such as supermarket ads, and it sounds most ominously like their most profitable exercise of press freedom, the classifieds. The publishers are eager to enter the videotext business themselves. But upon reflection, they see grave dangers to the First Amendment in letting AT&T compete with them. Invoking what they grandly call the "Diversity Principle," they have persuaded Congress to keep AT&T out.

In the great tradition of American democracy, this issue has been disputed during the past year in two houses of Congress, three different federal courts, and one federal and two state regulatory agencies. Lawyers for both sides continue to find reams of paper to be their preferred method of communication. The FCC ruled last year that AT&T could provide some video information services through a separate subsidiary. The newspaper publishers are appealing that decision to the federal appeals court in Washington. They also are complaining to a federal court in Newark, New Jersey, that the FCC decision violates an antitrust agreement AT&T signed in Newark in 1956. Meanwhile, back in Washington, another Justice Department antitrust suit against AT&T, begun in 1974, has been at trial for months in a federal district court. And publisher protests to state agencies have squelched phone company videotext experiments in Massachusetts and Texas.

While all this litigation proceeds, Congress is busy rewriting the law it is based on, the Communications Act of 1934. The Senate Commerce Committee voted out a new bill in July. In the spirit of deregulation, it would free AT&T to go into virtually any new business it wishes. There are only two things Bell could not sell electronically: news and advertising. The House committee passed a bill with similar restrictions last year, and is expected to do so again. AT&T, having beaten back lesser opponents and gotten a bill generally to its liking, has more or less resigned itself to accepting the publishers' restrictions.

Robert G. Marbut, president of the Harte-Hanks newspaper chain and chairman of the Publishers Association's Telecommunications Committee, made the publishers' case against AT&T in testimony before the Senate Commerce Committee in June. The senators apparently found his logic overwhelming. But before getting into Mr. Marbut's concerns about potential monopoly in the news business, a bit about Harte-Hanks. This chain owns 30 daily papers, 75 weeklies, several television and radio stations, and a few cable systems. Every single one of its dailies and almost all its weeklies are in one-paper towns. "When we make an acquisition, we do prefer small- to medium-sized cities with only one newspaper," said an amiable spokesperson. In their own propaganda, newspapers exist only to serve the public, and yearn for a diversity of voices. In the financial world, they are seen somewhat differently. "Publishing is the company's cash cow," reports the Value Line investment service about Harte-Hanks. Value Line highly recommends newspaper stocks. Commenting on the largest chain in the

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country, Gannett, whose "style is to buy out dailies in one-newspaper towns," Value Line explains:

> Successful dailies aren't a magnet for new competition. In one-newspaper towns, the lone publisher has an iron hold on its circulation 'franchise. . . .' Thus a fledgling rival could only hope to take away a tiny fraction of Gannett's readership—not enough to lure the local advertisers.

Less than a third of this country's daily newspaper circulation is in cities with competition (down from 90 percent in 1950). Of 1,560 American cities with newspapers, only 34 have true newspaper competition. The newest and largest monopoly newspaper is the Washington Post, whose chairman, Katharine Graham, is also chairman of the Newspaper Publishers Association. Almost two-thirds of all daily papers are owned by multi-city chains. In 1978, 47 of 53 newspaper acquisitions were by chains like Gannett and Harte-Hanks. Value Line remarks that the chains' "continued earnings vitality through the recession has helped to arouse investor interest." And indeed, the newspaper industry enjoyed a 15 percent return on capital in 1980, compared to AT&T's 8.2 percent.

The government does not officially license newspaper monopolies, as it does the telephone company. But it also does not regulate their rates and profits, as it does AT&T's. Instead, there is something ludicrously mislabeled the Newspaper Preservation Act of 1970. This permits formerly competing newspapers to merge their business and printing operations, and thus to charge monopoly rates to advertisers and readers, with immunity from the antitrust laws. In theory, one of the papers must be about to go under. In practice, no newspaper merger of this sort has ever been knocked down (though one in San Francisco has been under litigation for the usual half-decade or so).

NOW, where were we? Oh, yes: the danger that AT&T could subvert the "Diversity Principle" in journalism. The publishers make their case in a style known to lawyers as arguing in the alternative. That is, they advance their arguments in sequence, without regard to whether, taken together, they are circular or self-contradictory. The classic example is the lawyer, defending a man accused of taking a pot and returning it cracked, who argues, first, that he never took the pot; second, that it was already cracked when he took it; and, third, that he returned it in perfect condition.

Like most supplicants for government protection from competition, Mr. Marbut of Harte-Hanks, the publishers' spokesman, began his June testimony with extensive paeans to freedom and deregulation. In the news business, he pointed out,

> we exercise the freedom guaranteed by the First Amendment in selecting, editing, and publishing information. . . . I strongly feel that new electronic information . . . should be equally free of government restraint. . . . Consistent with the traditional independence of the press from government control, we began with the presumption that there should be no regulation of electronic information services.

However? "However. . . ."

The publishers see three problems with letting Bell sell information over videotext. First, there is the danger that AT&T will use its monopoly profits to subsidize videotext service, giving Bell an unfair advantage over other competitors. This is just what the publishers themselves have in mind. Here is Value Line once again on Mr. Marbut's own Harte-Hanks:

> Newspapers are notable for their ample "cash flow," which management is using to buy out other media-related companies. . . . Moreover, the acquisitions are drawing on their parent's resources to develop new markets. . . .

Of the newspaper industry in general, Value Line comments, "Publishers have been moving afield of newspapers in recent years in order to put their surplus capital to work." Videotext is cited as a promising place for the newspaper chains' "excess cash."

THE newspapers will subsidize their videotext business at first in the hope that it would eventually make money. They argue that AT&T, by contrast, would be happy to run a permanent loss on such service, making it impossible for others to compete. Why would Bell wish to be so improvident? In order to increase the volume of business on its wires, the publishers say. Mr. Marbut explained: "The telephone company's content related services would not have to operate as independent profit centers, but could serve merely to stimulate network traffic." But how will it stimulate traffic to drive other potential users out of business? If others will pay for use of Bell's network, Bell would be foolish to shove them aside in order to provide the same service at a loss.

The publishers' second argument is that if AT&T were in the information business itself, it would discriminate against competitors in granting access to its network. "The use of a wholly owned subsidiary of AT&T to provide certain information services is not an adequate safeguard, because AT&T still would have too much power to suppress diversity," Marbut said. Complaints of this sort are easy enough to resolve if they arise. More to the point, though, the suggestion that AT&T will diabolically prevent the use of its wires directly contradicts the publishers' alternative assertion that the company will stop at nothing to fill them as full as possible.

The publishers' third argument is that AT&T's "vertical integration" of information and wires to carry it on would give Bell an unfair competitive advantage over those with only information to sell. This may well be an advantage, but what is unfair about it? If vertical integration allowed Bell to undersell competitors, this would only mean that it was genuinely cheaper for Bell

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to provide the service. Banning Bell for this reason would force consumers to pay more. Mr. Marbut tried to have it both ways in his testimony, warning at one point about "the unique advantages inherent in a vertically integrated competing telephone company," and insisting soon afterward:

> Some have argued that AT&T's vertically integrated provision of information . . . will produce cost savings which may be passed on to the consumer. However, there is no indication that information origination has any substantial economies of scale that only Bell system can achieve.

AT&T has insisted all along that it has no desire to offer news or editorials, and it agreed from the beginning to accept a law excluding it from all information services except certain kinds of advertising. This should have—but didn't—put to rest all the hysterical talk about AT&T becoming "the OPEC of information." Instead, the publishers argued that such a partial ban "would pose serious First Amendment problems" of its own, because it would require the government to make a distinction between commercial and noncommercial forms of communication. This is a common civil libertarian argument for expanding the boundaries of free speech, but the publishers have turned it into an excuse for narrowing them. Said Mr. Marbut:

> If the FCC can tell Bell which advertisements it can run and which it cannot, have we not created a form of government content control . . . ? In my view, it is far preferable to draw the line elsewhere and avoid the perilous implications of government involvement.

In the name of free speech, in other words, the publishers propose to avoid the dangers of censoring Bell in some ways by censoring Bell completely. Thanks a lot, boys.

THE publishers don't really fear an AT&T monopoly on the news. What they really fear is losing their own monopoly on local advertising. They have a model of what they would like the emerging videotext industry to look like. It's in Coral Gables, Florida, where AT&T and the Knight-Ridder newspaper chain have set up an experimental joint-venture in videotext. Mr. Marbut said this model "could be repeated throughout the country, a partnership between the nation's telephone companies and information providers, working together to better serve the consumer." If AT&T is forced to team up with a local newspaper (or, rather, *the* local newspaper) in each market, such a venture will enjoy the combined monopoly power of both Bell *and* the newspaper. But the publishers will sleep soundly once again, feeling that the First Amendment is no longer in peril.

What kind of fuss would there be if AT&T started putting on its weather announcements the kind of self-serving propaganda that newspapers have been running on their editorial pages? "Imagine a single corporation controlling both the writing and the distribution of most of what you read," warned the Martinsburg, West Virginia, Evening Journal a year ago. The Journal, part of the Ogden chain, is the only paper in Martinsburg. The Boston Globe has warned that without restrictions, AT&T could "determine the very content of the information we receive in future years."

The New York Times ran a reasonably honest editorial in May, admitting that the main concern is indeed advertising revenue, but arguing that "newspapers . . . still need advertising to pay for their desirable variety and independence." Nevertheless, this is a strange exception to the Times's usual healthy contempt for government schemes to subsidize industries by protecting them from competition.

IN TWO editorials, the Washington Post took a statesmanlike "raises-vital-questions" approach. More important than any one result, said the Post, was that the matter should be resolved by the most democratic branch of government, Congress. Meanwhile, Mrs. Graham was writing in her column ("Chairman's Corner") in the Publisher's Association monthly *Presstime*: "It is imperative that we work to see that federal legislation—making it clear that the future role of the phone company is to *carry* information and not *originate* it—is enacted by the next Congress." Mrs. Graham mentioned supermarket and department store ads as particularly important examples of "the flow of information to the American people" she wished to safeguard.

Besides using the First Amendment, their political influence, and their own monopoly power to advance their commercial interests, these self-proclaimed guardians of free speech also corrode the language. We are used to this sort of thing from politicians and from other businesses. But here are newspapers intoning (in the Publishers Association's pompous "Telecommunications Statement of Principle"): "Reduction of government restrictions, where appropriate, is sound public policy." This is a formula for seeming to support deregulation, while actually demanding increased regulation. Literally it is meaningless, saying only that it is sound to do what is appropriate. Putting plague viruses in the water supply, where appropriate, is also sound public policy.

More insulting than the nonsense, though, are the complete inversions of meaning. The publishers want government restrictions on market entry, and they call it promoting "diversity." They want to protect their monopoly in the name of "competition." They talk about the "marketplace of ideas" when they really mean the marketplace of advertising, and they warn of the "peril" of restricting commercial speech when they really want to restrict commercial *and* noncommercial speech. The American Newspaper Publishers Association motto is "To Advance the Cause of a Free Press." Draw your own conclusion.

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'This is not the way,' writes a veteran Zionist.

How Begin Threatens Israel

By Marie Syrkin

IN THE recent fratricidal election campaign in Israel, one pro-Labor advertisement touched me personally. It firmly proclaimed: "The Jewish State must adopt as its ideal, social justice, righteousness, social planning and social solidarity," and was signed "Nachman Syrkin, 1898." These words, taken from *The Socialist Jewish State*, sound trite enough today. But through the years the Labor party's favorite quotation from my father's book had been more sweeping. Before and after the establishment of Israel, I had heard Ben-Gurion and lesser disciples pledge to honor the original vision: "The Jewish state can come into being only if it is socialist; only by fusing with socialism can Zionism become the ideal of the whole Jewish people." Even in recent decades, when the needs and compromises of the present mocked the central creed, the dream would be reaffirmed not only by the diminishing "old guard" of votaries but by younger followers as well. It was no accident that in June 1981 the sponsors of this ad preferred less contentious virtues such as "social justice" and "social planning" to the more daring, unequivocal "socialism." I listened to the campaign clamor against a background of tormenting memories. When my old friends turned from the spectacle of Begin's bullyboys with the searing words, "This is not our Israel," the sense of loss went deep.

During the same week I was summoned to a discussion of a suitable memorial for Rachel Yanait Ben Zvi, a member of the legendary Second Aliya (the wave of pioneer immigrants) and the wife of Israel's second president. She died a year ago at the age of 91, a leader of the Labor party who had become bitterly disenchanted with its squabbles. I looked again at her account of her early years in Palestine. She had arrived in 1908 at the age of 20. The hardships and bold adventures she zestfully described were routine for her generation. In 1981 it is more poignant to read of the girl's curious delight in what might have been discouraging circumstances, to see her reaction to the desolate stretches and uncultivated fields of the promised land: "The sight of all the barren ground filled me with a kind of joy—joy that fate had kept the soil of Judea uninhabited and unwanted. . . . In my mind's eye I saw it brought to life by the hands of Jews returning from far away." Trudging through the Valley of Jezreel, near Galilee, she is enchanted by the empty, swamp-ridden area: "No village, no farmer in sight. Why were we waiting?" In 1909, when the sultan was deposed and restrictions on Jewish immigration were partially lifted, she is again troubled: "It worried us that our people abroad did not seem stirred by the great chance." The "chance" included both immigration and the purchase of available, uninhabited land for the agricultural settlements. The latter would be done in limited measure by the Jewish National Fund; Arab *effendis* quickly learned that they could dispose of desert and rocky hillsides at inflated prices.

In Rachel's rapturous accolade to the wastes of Palestine there is no suspicion of the problems that would develop once the settlements were built and the hills reforested. For her generation the case was plain. The eventual liberation of Palestine from Ottoman rule would emancipate both Arab and Jew, each of whom could be satisfied according to need. In the course of her long life, Rachel, like other Palestinians (at the time only Jewish settlers used the term), would learn the limitations of her early, simplistic idealism.

At the recent graduation ceremony of the Hebrew University in the magnificent amphitheater on Mount Scopus, one ominous phrase kept recurring in private encounters. Someone would say with anger bordering on despair, "Ben-Gurion must be turning in his grave," or "Golda"; depending on the allegiance of the speaker. The judgment expressed more than partisan disappointment at the failure of Labor to secure the hoped-for majority. Men and women who had invested their lives in Israel were shaken not by the endless cabal of Israel's enemies, as might be expected, but by conflicting currents within the country.

Israelis never have refrained from attacking Zionist pieties with iconoclastic enthusiasm. Each crisis in Zionism, going back to pre-state days, could be guaranteed to spawn its Jeremiahs. "This is not the way" has been a signpost on the Zionist road since Ahad Ha-Am's celebrated essay by that name published in 1889, which was a sharp critique of early Zionist settlements. Since then each stage of Zionist realization has known its dour skeptics as well as celebrants. With

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Israel's mounting problems the contingent of skeptics has increased. I omit Israel's enemies—who count in the outward battle, not in the inner debate. Anxieties previously unvoiced are now publicized by good Israelis, so that a dissection of the supposed failure of Zionism, written by the editor of a prestigious Israeli newspaper, may be read in the amiable pages of the *New York Review of Books*.

To ignore the present soul-searching is impossible. To dismiss it as disloyal panders to the notion that Israel must be the one stainless sufferer in a sinful world. Friends of Israel are not bound to mechanical approval of every development in a struggling country. Zionists in particular, though vulnerable to the charge that they are part of the problem because their presence in appreciable numbers would have eased Israel's formidable tasks of absorption and defense, need not disguise their disquiet at what goes wrong.

Last June I felt for the first time the full force of the phrase, "Two Israels," Western and Oriental, Sephardic and Ashkenazi. Previously the rumblings of discontent, the emergence of Black Panthers, the demonstrations of slum-dwellers, had seemed the inevitable concomitants of a complex social and economic process aggravated by the troubles of a small country under siege. But there was no denying that despite the successful integration of a large sector of Jews from the Arab countries, a sizable underclass remained. In the recent election the ethnic cleavage appeared in paradoxical clarity. Disadvantaged Oriental Jews, for the most part unskilled laborers, enlisted under the banner of an East European Jew who preached private enterprise, while the middle-class intellectuals and professionals of both Western and Oriental origin joined Labor; ironically, Labor figured as the "Establishment" to be destroyed. How did these divisions come about in Israel, whose central vision was the "ingathering of exiles"?

JOURNALISTS had pat answers. Anthony Lewis, presumably treated to a crash course in Israel's development, briskly explained the disaffection of Oriental Jews in the New York Times on June 18:

> They were different from the Europeans who created the Zionist movement, and they were treated differently. They were sprayed with DDT, sent off to poor housing in development towns, their children given inferior education. Their resentment, still burning, is a fundamental political and social fact in Israel now.

Except for the last sentence, this pithy indictment is fiction, one more myth that has been exploited by Likud propaganda. The record should be set right. I was in Israel in 1948 and 1950 during the years of mass immigration. I know how desperately the tiny state, just recovering from the War of Independence, strove to absorb hundreds of thousands of destitute refugees. Between 1948 and 1950 the community of some 700,000 Jews took in over half a million fleeing from Europe, Asia, and Africa. By 1951 the population had been doubled by the influx of 648,000 newcomers. Whether it came from displaced persons camps, post-Holocaust Europe, or from Morocco, Iraq, Algeria, or Yemen, each ship that debarked, each plane that landed was hailed as a messianic deliverance. To judge its magnitude, consider if the United States had taken in 220 million penniless immigrants in two years.

MR. LEWIS is quite right in stating that Oriental Jews were different from the Europeans. So they were in language, customs, and culture. But I can testify to the pleasure in this diversity that first animated the country: all the tribes of Israel were coming home. I can also testify to the problems of absorption, of which housing was the most crucial; tents, camps, and prefabricated housing were improvised or imported. Initially, all immigrants, whatever their origin, were housed together as a matter of principle: the various ethnic strains were to be fused into one people. But theory had to yield to experience. Arabic-speaking families clashed with Yiddish-speaking Polish or Rumanian Jews with alien habits. Neither group could endure the other's diet. Furthermore, Oriental Jews accustomed to large, extended families tended to form clans from the same communities. Contrary to the hopes and convictions of the men and women called on to administer housing and food distribution, the experiment in the planned mixing of the immigrant strains had to be abandoned. Each group found its congenial intimates and preserved its folkways. Oriental Jews from societies that practiced polygamy and accepted child labor and female illiteracy had to adapt to a society with other norms, which in turn could not arbitrarily impose its values. It was a mutual learning process.

The phrase "Two Nations" surfaced early. In 1950, when the country was feeling the privations resulting from mass immigration, Labor Minister Golda Meir warned against the division of the country into "veterans" who lived in modest comfort and newcomers, Oriental and European, who struggled for inadequate housing and scarce employment. In the election campaign of 1951 the early elation gave way to misgivings generated by enforced "austerity" and the unreadiness of the newcomers to share the goals of the pioneer generations. The criterion of "absorptive capacity" was advanced. Mapai, the Labor party which dominated government until 1977, made unrestricted immigration a cardinal plank of its platform. Referring alike to Yemenites, Iraqis, and Europeans, Golda declared boldly, "Israel without them is not worth having."

The Zionist vision called for the dispersal of the population throughout the small land. Ben-Gurion was captivated by the dream of reviving the Negev. The establishment of development towns seemed a natural extension of the nation-building process in which it was assumed that new immigrants would

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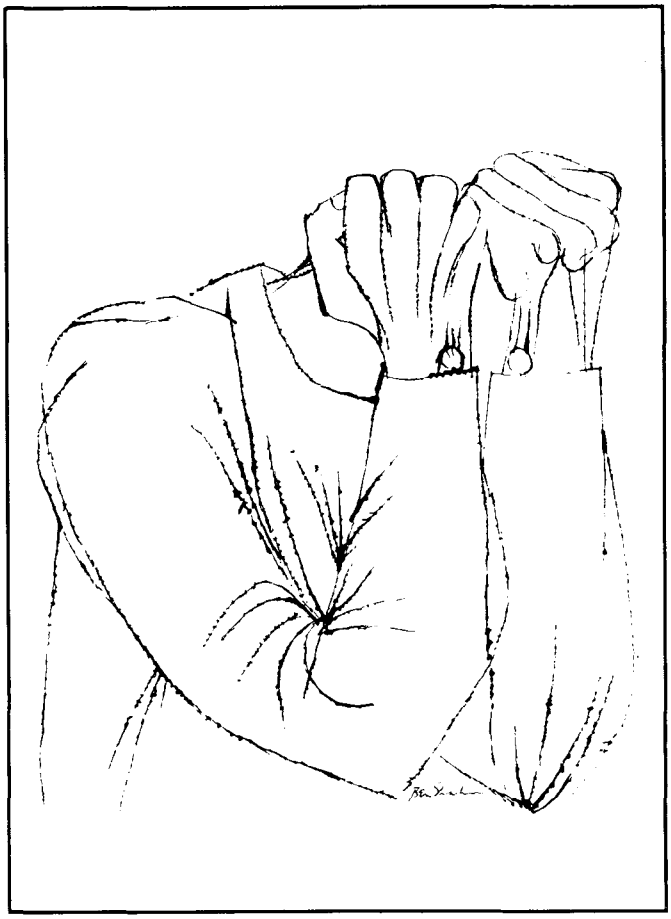
gladly participate. Kibbutzim, carefully planned and provided with simple but adequate housing, schools, and social services, seemed reasonable solutions to individuals who had left their homes and come to malaria-ridden wastes and bare shacks. But the newcomers, Western and Oriental, rejected the communal life of the kibbutzim, preferring the crowded urban centers of Tel Aviv and Jerusalem. To say, as Mr. Lewis does, that Oriental Jews were exiled "to poor housing in development towns" in a pattern of discrimination is a malicious misreading of what took place. It is equally irresponsible to announce cavalierly that "their children were given inferior education." On the contrary, special efforts for compensatory education were made from the outset.

In 1948, when the cultural gap between large sectors of Oriental Jewry and the European immigrants became apparent, educators and volunteer social workers were not disheartened. It might be too late for the parents to cross from the feudal societies of their countries of origin to modern Israel, but all were confident that the children, attending the same schools as Israel's youth, would close the rift. This faith in the homogenizing power of education proved to be illusory. For various reasons a high rate of dropouts among the children of Oriental communities defeated the hopes that had been entertained at first. Prime Minister Golda Meir, often criticized for lack of sympathy, summed up the dilemma.



DRAWING BY BEN SHAHN

> Theoretically, we may provide equal educational opportunity. The school is open on the same terms to the child of a comfortable home as it is to a family of six, eight, and ten children who occupy a small flat or a house of two or three rooms filled mainly by beds. The inequality of the homes, the lack of parents who can help with the lessons, result in a basic inequality revealed in what these children accomplish.

No progressive pedagogue could have put it better.

Certainly in the United States we are all too familiar with the various arguments advanced for scholastic failure. And there is no denying that Westerners arriving with greater skills and smaller families made their way more easily than Oriental Jews for whom social adjustment was more troublesome. One charge that cannot be made justly is that of willful discrimination. From the first days of the ecstatic welcoming of the ingathering to the present, Israel has known that its viability depended on the harmonious integration of its people. Such awareness did not preclude friction, prejudice, or assertions of superiority between Litwaks and Galizianer, Poles and Rumanians, or Moroccans and Russians. And there are always the lucky "Anglo-Saxi" to irritate all the rest. But these reactions have always taken place within a total realization that they were members of one people who shared one fate. Whatever mistakes were committed—and there were many—they offer no warrant for glib parallels with the situation of blacks in the United States. From the beginning, Israel sought to weld its disparate strains into one nation. The rate of ethnic intermarriage in Israel is 25 percent. President Navon, a Sephardic Jew, is the country's most popular politician. These are signs, not tokens.

Nevertheless, because ethnic and class divisions coincide, the unrest of the disadvantaged carries an ominous double edge. What should have been an economic struggle with a pro-Labor thrust has lent itself to base demagogic incitement through crass and cynical appeals to the least sophisticated sector of the population. On the eve of the election the government flooded the country with tax-free foreign appliances. The country will pay for these tomorrow. In a country of fiercely egalitarian traditions, whose preferred title has been *chaver* ("comrade"), the scandalous cry, "Begin, king of Israel," was raised by those least likely to profit from such elevation. This development is part of Israel's dilemma.

One must remember that the fomenting of a mindless personality cult has deep roots in revisionism, the movement from which Begin sprang. Its ideology exalted the concept of the "leader," opposed organized labor, and gloried in an ineffectual militancy at a time when pioneer Palestine sought Zionist realization through peaceful constructive work. Contemptuous of blue-shirted kibbutzniks, the ultra-nationalist revi-

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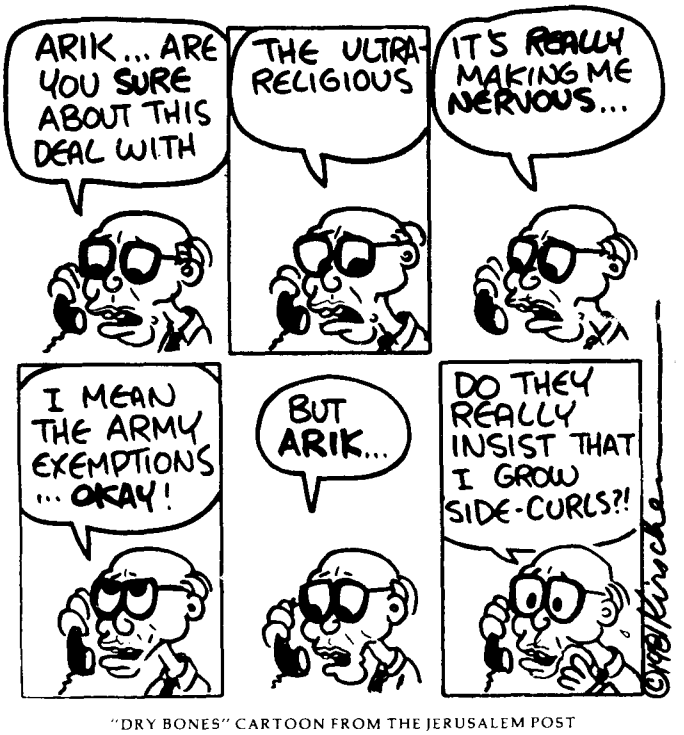
sionist youth groups in Poland strutted in martial fancy dress complete except for one detail; the Polish government forbade the wearing of arms. In Europe during the 1930s, this passion for maximalist slogans and flamboyant posturings was politically irresponsible even when impotent. In Palestine, where phrases were translated into action, the Revisionist Irgun, defying the discipline of the Zionist authorities, repeatedly clashed with the people's army of the Haganah, and pursued its own willful, often disastrous way.

THE proffered crown of popular acclaim has not gone to Begin's head. He is following a consistent course that goes back to the 1960s when Arab riots occurred and the dissident Irgun violated the Haganah's policy of opposition to indiscriminate reprisal that might strike the innocent and hinder coexistence. In the 1940s, during the struggle to found the state, the Irgun could take credit for the attack on Deir Yassin—an act denounced by the Haganah and Jewish Palestine despite Arab outrages. At the very establishment of Israel, Begin defied the new government with the episode of the armed ship, Altalena, seeking illegally to bring in weapons in violation of a truce accepted by Ben-Gurion who asserted his authority by sinking the contraband. In 1951 many Knesset members opposed the proposal to accept reparations from the Germans. But only Begin incited his followers to attack the Knesset. The mob was dispersed; Begin was suspended for three months from the Knesset.

Neither Begin nor his hard-core followers have changed in ideology or tactics. Although the Labor opposition equals Likud in size, Begin apparently views his narrow election victory as a mandate for reckless adventurism. How else interpret the air strike in Beirut that shocked well-wishers of Israel? As recently as the brilliantly executed—and justified—destruction of Iraq's nuclear reactor, Begin expressed pride in the precautions taken to avoid civilian casualties. How can this decent restraint be reconciled with the explosive shift from what had been basic Israeli policy—legitimate retaliation against PLO terrorism—to actions that weaken Israel's supporters in the United States government and hearten its foes?


ARIK... ARE YOU SURE ABOUT THIS DEAL WITH
THE ULTRA-RELIGIOUS
IT'S REALLY MAKING ME NERVOUS...
I MEAN THE ARMY EXEMPTIONS ... OKAY!
BUT ARIK...
DO THEY REALLY INSIST THAT I GROW SIDE-CURLS?!

"DRY BONES" CARTOON FROM THE JERUSALEM POST

In Israel former prime minister Rabin has taken sharp issue with the government's policy in Lebanon, calling it militarily ineffectual and politically counterproductive. Shimon Peres has denied that a "national consensus" in regard to the strikes in Lebanon existed. Former chief of staff Mordechai Gur has been equally uncooperative. And the Jerusalem Post has bluntly described Begin's acts as "arrogant" and "obtuse." Even within the Begin government, doubts as to the present line have emerged. There is no "national consensus," and unless Israel finds itself dragged into war, opposition to Begin is likely to increase.

BEGIN, by pandering to the demands of any potential partner, has pasted together an unpromising coalition. He will govern through an alliance of economic reactionaries, orthodox dogmatists, and Greater Israel zealots. Untrammeled by such figures as Ezer Weizmann and Dayan, who have left the Likud fold, and without Yigal Yadin, who was supposed to exert a moderating influence, he can fully indulge his extremist obsessions—chief of which is the absorption of the West Bank (the biblical patrimony of Judea and Samaria) with its million unwilling Arabs. That Begin has appointed the predictable Arik Sharon as minister of defense indicates the direction in which he is stubbornly set. Sharon, a brilliant general, is no more realistic about geopolitical odds than Begin. At this stage Begin is not likely to abandon his taste for self-defeating spectaculars. He truly believes his grandiose pronouncements. That is why he inspires small bands of Gush Emunim zealots, whose courage and dedication are beyond question, to occupy solitary hilltops in the populated West Bank; that is why he did not hesitate to embarrass the United States and alienate a possible friend, Mitterrand; that is why, finally, he permitted himself the air strike on Beirut, whose main result has been to call into question legitimate attacks on PLO strongholds. Whatever the formal disclaimers, Begin has managed to secure the implicit recognition of the PLO, signaled by United States intervention. The Beirut strike has complicated the clearing of southern Lebanon of terrorist infestation. Acts that previously went unchallenged and whose necessity had been tacitly acknowledged will now be scrutinized as violations of the truce. Soon Begin will be embroiled with the American government in a manner calculated to delight all adversaries of Israel.

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Where do these troubling events leave Zionists? Begin is synonymous neither with Israel nor with Zionism. Commitment to Israel does not predicate acquiescence in the acts of a particular administration. Opponents of the Labor government were never squeamish about exposing the ruling party's derelictions, although the argument that criticism gave aid and comfort to the enemy was as valid during Mapai's extended tenure as now. Labor enjoyed the almost unanimous support of American Jewry because its policies coincided with basic democratic ideals. This cannot be said of the Begin government. The Presidents' Conference of Jewish Organizations will be hard put to justify Begin's recent acts or his coalition's proposed moves. Already the leaders of Conservative and Reform Judaism have protested the obscurantist attempt of the religious parties to impose their minority views on the majority. Dismay at the threat to Israel's Jewish and democratic character through the incorporation of the West Bank has been repeatedly voiced by Jewish bodies.

Israel's enemies may be trusted to make capital of any discord in Zionist ranks to step up their vituperations against Zionism, as though the justice of Zionism—the assertion of the Jewish right to national independence—were contingent on the policy of a given government. If the national existence of any state were to be thus determined, the obituaries at the UN would be uncomfortably numerous. In any case, the Arafats, Qaddafis, Pol Pots, and their Communist armorers are hardly qualified to issue reports on international good conduct. But Israel always has suffered from the dubious compliment of being judged by ethical standards applied to no other people. The guardians of the world's moral hygiene are more sensitive to a sneeze in Israel than to virulent epidemics elsewhere. How else explain the indifference to mass carnage in various parts of the globe and the agitation over Beirut, a city in which, according to Nicholas Tatro, AP correspondent in Beirut, violence among various Christian, Moslem, and Syrian groups in 1980 have claimed 2,183 deaths and nearly 7,000 wounded? Until now the world has calmly accepted the ongoing martyrdom of Lebanon. Only the Israeli air strike has shaken this complacency. Apparently more is expected from the young democracy beset by aggressors from its birth than from sturdy, savage regimes whose trespasses on a monumental scale are hardly noted.

HOWEVER, contests in national virtue are not the issue. A Zionist for whom the establishment of Israel is one of the few redemptive acts of our bloody century cannot avoid measuring 1981 by the hopes expressed in 1898 and 1908 in the passages I quoted. Was it all a utopian fantasy? Actually, much that came to pass exceeded the most extravagant hopes of early Zionism. Consider what any tourist can see on the "wastes" hailed by Rachel Yanait, or Israel's heroic role of savior to the survivors of the Holocaust. In many crucial respects, realization outstripped expectation. At the same time, much also went wrong.

Zionists did not anticipate the degree to which the Arab states, glutted with oil and land, would begrudge the Jewish homeland its "small notch," to use Balfour's phrase, in the huge areas liberated by the allies. Nor did Zionism taken into account the failure of the Jews of the free world to seize the great "chance" of independent statehood once it was offered. There is no minimizing the loss to Israel of this abdication.

FURTHERMORE, relentless Arab enmity deflected much of Israel's imagination and energy to the grim exigencies of defense. When Israelis declare, "We had wanted to be good farmers, not good soldiers," they are not indulging in a rhetorical flourish; rather, they are admitting defeat in victory, for the land's revival had been integral to the Zionist dream, not military prowess. If a strong military has become essential, the fault lies with the forces seeking to throttle the Jewish state from the outset. Their evil persistence is one reason for the enchantment with Begin's slogans and for the social dislocations in the country. At some point a rational peace, not predicated on the destruction of the "Zionist entity," will come about. The powers concerned with establishing a tolerable world order bear a responsibility for such achievement.

Despite all negatives in the assessment, Jews are aware that if they are to survive as a people, Zionism, that is to say, Israel, is the chief barrier against assimilation in the free world, the only sure haven for Jews in the lands of oppression, and the living center for complete Jewish fulfillment. The instinctive rallying of Jews behind Israel in every crisis represents their sometimes unconscious protest against national annihilation. The emptiness of a world without Israel is a spiritual void Jews will not accept as long as they remain Jews. And willed national suicide is not in the making. The future of Zionism is no easier or less problematic than that of socialism or democracy in the contemporary world. That makes its support the more urgent.

Friends of Israel have a difficult, twofold task: measures calculated to weaken the Jewish state under the guise of righteous indignation, particularly within the United States Congress and administration, should be exposed. Begin's errors do not sanctify the oil lobby, the murderous attacks of the PLO on Israeli settlements and civilians, or negotiations whose transparent purpose is the cannibalization of Israel. At the same time, those genuinely concerned for the future of the Jewish state cannot evade the responsibility of protesting Israeli government policies that are intrinsically wrong, that alienate world sympathy and help Israel's enemies to achieve their enduring objectives. "This is not the way" has been said before in the course of Israel's history. It must be said again.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Late Summer Roundup

An Enemy of the People. This is certainly the most famous unseen US picture of the last four years. Steve McQueen produced the film of the Ibsen play in 1977, starred in it, and never saw it generally released in his lifetime. (It's been shown here and there nervously.) Now the Film Program at the Public Theater, run with spirit and enterprise by Andy Holtzman and Fabiano Canosa, has given it a New York showing.

And I'm back in the same old cleft stick. I'm genuinely grateful for the chance to see it; but I didn't care much for it. The director was George Schaefer, principally experienced in TV, which in some ways ought to have been an advantage. There wasn't much chance to "break open" the play cinematically, so a director who had done a lot of (in effect) filmed plays was apt. In terms of form, I can't see much point in criticizing Schaefer or the scenarist Alexander Jacobs.

The performances could have been improved. Michael Cristofer, now also known as a playwright, is fairly vivid as the newspaper editor, Hovstad. But the actor who could have given the best performance, Charles Durning, hasn't deepened his work sufficiently. Durning plays Mayor Stockmann (and looks like a more corpulent Edwin M. Stanton, Lincoln's war secretary). If you remember the play, the central conflict is between Mayor Stockmann, a pragmatist, and his brother Dr. Stockmann, an equally pragmatic but more conscientious man, a conflict between potential prosperity and potential epidemic in a small Norwegian town. Durning plays the mayor too much like a villain. If the man had been more thoroughly convinced of the flaws in his brother's opposition, if he had also made more of his own and his brother's personal complexities that colored the issue, the conflict would have been less bad guy versus good guy, much more resonant.

This still would have left McQueen, however. Enormously hirsute, with a huge head of hair and beard, McQueen seems muffled. The world knew him as one of the most vital screen presences of his time, but he seems to have felt that serious drama means less force, that dynamics would cheapen things, would make this film too much like his commercial work. Out of this fallacy, he merely looks concerned or happy or determined most of the time. His big speeches are pallid, his final resolution is rhetorical.

Better performances from McQueen and Durning would have helped but not solved the basic trouble. The play. The basic heaviness is not that this is a filmed play but that they chose this play to film. *An Enemy of the People* is the thinnest and most didactic of Ibsen's realistic plays, even more so than *Pillars of Society*, and Dr. Stockmann is Ibsen's most self-righteous protagonist. Stanislavsky loved the role, but probably—à la Stanislavsky—he played *against* the self-righteousness. And Stanislavsky didn't have to deal with Arthur Miller's somewhat liquefied stage version, from which McQueen's screenplay was adapted.

Eric Bentley's noted essay "Ibsen, Pro and Con" discusses, among other plays, *An Enemy of the People*, and in this case I've always thought his "con" arguments stronger. Part of the reason that this film is only a worthy effort has to be ascribed to the original author.

Some years ago I read that McQueen had bought the screen rights to Pinter's *Old Times*. I wish he had made that film instead of the Ibsen—with two good women and the right director (Peter Hall, for instance). This is not to rank Ibsen and Pinter, obviously, but to talk about suitability for film. We'd have had a much better souvenir of McQueen's ambition toward seriousness.

Continental Divide. If you leaf through the *American Film Institute Catalog of Feature Films 1921-30*, you see plot synopses that begin: "Hawk Hollister, wanted for killing the sheriff's brother, decides to assist Marie Nicholls, who has fallen from a passing train, get to the ranch she has inherited from her uncle." Or: "Lulu Marks, disguised as a maid, comes to the home of her divorced husband, believed to be deceased, and is accused of murdering Mrs. Drake, her husband's second wife." You might figuratively also read, under *Continental Divide*, "Ernie, a well-known Chicago newspaper columnist, climbs high into the Rockies to interview a girl who lives alone, studying bald eagles." And you would flick the page.

Well, flick the film.

Victory. One of John Huston's gifts is for fluctuation. After his Kipling film *The Man Who Would Be King*, which was good, and his Flannery O'Connor film *Wise Blood*, which at least tried to be good, it was time for him to wobble. He then made a horror film in Canada that is being kept on Canadian ice, and now he has made a giant production, *Victory*, that wavers between the insulting and the uproariously stupid.

It's a World War II story about a football (soccer) game between a German team and an assortment of Allied prisoners of war who were footballers previously. The Germans propose it so that their victory—the game will be played in Paris—will make good propaganda. The international cast includes

FILMS WORTH SEEING

The Great Muppet Caper. Well, maybe it's *not* great, but it's the Muppets, capering.

Heart to Heart. A tender but far from saccharine film about three Parisian sisters learning love. Anne Caudry is enchanting.

Numero Deux. Jean-Luc Godard making aesthetic disturbances again, verbally somewhat tiresome, visually often illuminating.

Stevie. Glenda Jackson, as the poet Stevie Smith, and Mona Washbourne, as her adored aunt, help to make this small English film a small gem with a gem's inner light.

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Max von Sydow, Michael Caine, Sylvester Stallone, and the great footballer Pelé. I point out only one ludicrous element. The Germans permit Pelé, a Trinidadian in the film, to join the Allied team—as if Nazified Germans would have played against a black man.

I'm glad of the fiction, however, because Pelé gives the film a touch of charm and its only excitement. His backward-somersault kick—he stands in front of the goal, his back toward it, watches the ball descend, then kicks backward over his head and scores a goal—made me shout.

My only other interest was the crowd at the game. How, I wondered, could the producers have afforded those thousands of extras who had to be rehearsed because, as a mob, they play a role at the end? Then I read that the picture was made in Hungary.

First Monday in October. A landmark. This is the first film in which you can see a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States take a shower—through a translucent glass door with only a glimpse of nudity later, but still nude, and still a Supreme Court justice. This justice is the first woman appointed to the court, and the authors, director, and star (Jill Clayburgh) celebrate the egalitarian move by treating it with the rankest sexism.

The play by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee was done on Broadway with Henry Fonda and Jane Alexander (*TNR*, October 28, 1978). The script was a laborious contrivance, and the Lawrence-Lee screenplay is no improvement. Walter Matthau co-stars with Clayburgh; the director is an old English hand, Ronald Neame, whose middling abilities have long since gone into decline. *First Monday* is one more of the Big Coincidence films of 1981. (*The Fan* and *S.O.B.* preceded it.) It was virtually finished before the recent nomination of Judge O'Connor, and it was rushed out to make the most of its luck.

Lawrence and Lee have neither the brains nor the wit to write an adequate political comedy. They place an old dissenter (based of course on William O. Douglas) in opposition to a young-middle-aged conservative; and all they can come up with, after plumbing their mighty minds, is to make the man's wife leave him and make the new justice a widow to start with. Unfasten your safety belt; it's a dull ride. Matthau works crudely, almost sideways, in one of his least lively performances. Clayburgh, lisping away as ever, endows her role with her usual tinniness.

I don't know at this writing whether Judge O'Connor will be confirmed, but if it happens, the first cinematic recognition of its importance is a monument of *merde*.

MARK CRISPIN MILLER ON TELEVISION

Massa, Come Home

This summer has seen the release of a new commercial for Jamaica. It lasts one minute and contains 14 shots. If you watch much television, you probably have seen this little travelogue, which appears at all hours, on every channel, often enough to reach millions of would-be tourists. It presents a series of happy black Jamaicans, each in a different picturesque setting, each making a soothing offer: "Come back to gentility"; "Come back to romance," "to our beauty," "our bounty," "tranquility," etc. Finally, an old man with a walking stick, a crowd of well-dressed toddlers frisking at his feet, ambles past an ancient tree, and says, "Come back to the way things *used* to be. Make it Jamaica again, and make it your own." After a reprise of faces in smiling close-up, there is a high helicopter shot of a glittering beach, a horse and rider pausing in the surf. A legend then appears over this last image: "Make it Jamaica. Again."

Half-noticed, this commercial might seem just the usual empty allurement, merely one bright bubble from the great boiling cesspool of daily television. That inundation, however, is precisely what allows commercials to succeed: they come at us in stupefying numbers, each one overcharged and utterly forgetable, so that we find ourselves lulled into the receptive state of the well hypnotized. Although the process seems like an enormous imposition, it depends on our own complicity. "It's only a commercial," we say to ourselves, then settle back, watching without really watching, thereby letting each image make its deep impressions. Although we have learned to distrust commercials automatically, this sort of knee-jerk skepticism is a poor defense against the subtleties of advertising, which can affect you whether or not you believe their ostensible claims.

We are accustomed to think of these subtleties in quasi-Pavlovian terms, as hidden stimuli that "turn us on" without our knowing it: nipples airbrushed into sunsets, lewd words traced into some ice cubes, etc. But this conception of the way ads work, and of the way we apprehend them, is much too crude. They function, not mechanically, but poetically, through metaphor, association, repetition, and other devices that suggest a variety of possible meanings. The viewer, therefore, does not just watch once and start salivating, but senses gradually, half-consciously, the commercial's welter of related messages.

And just as the viewer needn't recognize these subtleties in order to take them in, so, perhaps, the advertisers themselves may not know their every implication, any more than a poet or filmmaker is fully aware of all that his work implies. Of course, most of what we see in a good commercial was probably calculated by its makers, who are quite sophisticated, and who spend immense amounts of time and money on each 30- or 60-second bit. Nevertheless, some of these nuances might have been unconsciously intended, details that just "seemed right" as part of the commercial's general drift. Ultimately, however, these questions of intention are irrelevant. If criticism can demonstrate convincingly that a commercial uses certain strategies, then we can assume that those strategies are, in fact, at work, whether or not the advertisers might acknowledge them.

This new commercial for Jamaica offers an example of advertising at its most artful. Its various strategies are worth analyzing in order to demonstrate how carefully these little works are put together. The commercial's basic message is a deeply emotional entreaty,

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familiar in these days of right-wing symbolism: come home. Ronald Reagan's speeches, *Time*'s pitch for "American renewal," and numerous ads ("I'm comin' on home—to Wyler's!") currently use the myth of homecoming to enjoin our sentimental acquiescence in the general betterment of the rich. "Home" refers to an imagined past, a hazy paradisiac interlude that fell sometime between Reconstruction and the Beatles' first appearance on Ed Sullivan. We were happy, back then. Watched over by God and a few other kindly tycoons, we understood the meaning of hard work, a dollar, life itself; colored people knew their place, and nobody pushed us around. We inhabited a paradise that we can have again, the myth implies, if we just wish very hard and make no noise.

The myth of homecoming informs this commercial in a complicated way. First of all, Jamaica herself appears to have "come home." The election of Edward Seaga, we infer, has brought the country back to its senses. Forget Havana, and those hoodlums with their odd patios. Jamaica is once again genteel, tranquil, and romantic, a colonial idyll in need of one thing only: white masters.

MAKE it Jamaica. Again." This means both "Choose Jamaica" and "Only *you* can turn this place into *Jamaica* once again." Or, in other words: "We're not really a country, we're just a plantation." These Jamaicans grin deferentially at the camera, their clothes recall the slaves' wardrobe in *Gone With the Wind*—no stark rage or dreadlocks here. And as they have "come home," so are we invited to "return" to a fantastic past: "Come back to the way things used to be," referring not just to "the way things used to be" in the Caribbean, but to the way things supposedly used to be in our own midst, right here at "home." From beginning to end, the commercial plays brilliantly on the repressed fears and desires of white consumers, and even hints at darker, more general longings. It subtly excites those fears in order to allay them, thereby countering the viewer's misgivings before they surface into consciousness.

The opening shot presents an image of impending violence converted into recreation. A group of blacks, wearing helmets, waving sticks, gallop on horseback toward the camera. One of them pulls ahead of the others, swinging his instrument down like a sabre, and strikes—a polo ball. It is an archetypal vision of imminent destruction (there are, in fact, four horsemen here), but the martial implication is simultaneously denied, as if to say, "You expect to be killed by our natives? Sit back and relax! This is only an athletic display!"

THUS we are comforted with an implicit promise of unassailable spectatorship, as if Jamaica were as safe as our own living rooms. Various techniques further mitigate the sense of threat, without entirely dispelling it. The riders lumber forward, hindered in slow motion; they are also shot with a long lens, in shallow focus, so that they have no spatial depth and appear to make no progress, like painted figures. And the music—mellow steel guitars and crooning voices—lends the scene a sweet narcotic aura. The tune, moreover, is the one used by John Lennon and Yoko Ono for their song "Happy Xmas (War is Over)," and therefore evokes, for millions of young spenders, a peaceful mood:

> Come back to Jamaica:
> What's old is what's new.
> We want you to join us,
> We made it for you.
>
> So make it Jamaica,
> Make it your own.
> Make it Jamaica,
> Your new island home.

The riders look like police or a "peacekeeping force," yet they are neither: "Jamaica is *not* a trouble spot!" the image insists. "We have beaten our machetes into polo mallets." Polo is a gentlemanly pastime with imperialistic overtones, having been revived in the 19th century by British officers stationed in India. This hint of a national "return" to colonial status becomes explicit in the next shot. Three of the horsemen appear in medium close-up, facing us while cantering along to the right, and one of them says, "Come back to gentility." Whoever would extol "gentility" should himself evince refinement, and this light-skinned black, bouncing along on his steed in knightly fashion, accompanied by silent (and much darker) companions, seems aloof enough to make his endorsement credible. At the same time, this black pride is still a threat. Therefore, the second shot, like the first, flattens out that threat with shallow focus (all the subsequent shots are in deep focus, with their backgrounds clearly in view), and then removes it entirely by having the horsemen ride on to the right, exiting the frame: "Come back to gentility. [And now we'll be running along.]"

From this point on, Jamaica seems like a country made docile by defeat, its young men killed off in some disastrous war. The commercial's subsequent speakers are either women or old men. Moreover, while the horsemen were mobile, numerous, and unflinching, each of the following speakers is fixed and (even when among others) solitary, and looks up at the viewer discreetly, responding only *after* the camera has approached, as if not speaking until spoken to. It is a fantasy for the armchair buccaneer. Her vigorous males having vanished, Jamaica is now free to please her plunderers again.

A pretty young girl appears in a blooming jungle, up to her chest in exotic flora. She wears a bright red sarong ("I am . . . *Tondelayo*!"), has flowers of the same color in her hair, and holds a bunch of more such flowers in her hands. "Come back to our beauty," she says with a shy smile, extending the bouquet as if offering tribute. In fact, she is offering herself, now that her brothers are out of the way: the flowers are a symbol of her available womanhood. It is an old association, confirmed here by the common color red, and by her wearing a flower just like the one she offers. "Come back to our beauty," then, really means "This dark blossom is for *you*, white man."

AS IF to assure the viewer that this overture is not taboo, in the next shot a burly, white-haired old fisherman, sitting at dockside, looks up and says, "Come back to our people." He could be the father of the willing jungle girl, but he obviously won't mind her having fun with the right folks: he has an air of gentle resignation, and sits winding a rope around one hand, in a gesture of self-restraint. Nevertheless, he is still a potential menace, like the youths in the opening shot. He could use that rope in unpleasant ways, and his phrase "our people" is unsettling; it suggests that Jamaicans are both alien and homogenous, a colored horde.

That slight threat must be nullified, and so the next four shots counteract it with intricate denials of strife; all four characters are women, making unequivocal offers. After the allusion to "our people," there is a dissolve from the

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harbor to an elegant dinner table, the camera gliding across its lustrous surface to show us how Jamaica feeds her guests: silver, crystal, candles, and a huge lobster on a platter at the center. (Thus it turns out that the fisherman has grown old in our service.) As the camera comes to rest, a woman in native headdress and ample skirts, standing at the table to perform some preprandial task, turns in our direction and says, "Come back to hospitality," with a gesture that implies "All this is yours." This is, first of all, an assurance that "our people" will protect, not harm, their visitors. But the real assurance is more bizarre than this. By dissolving from "our people" to a waiting meal, the commercial implies that even the Jamaicans themselves, like their foodstuffs, are delicious and readily available. It is a metaphor for the island's total exploitability—this really is a great place for *consumers*.

The same implication pervades the next shot: "Come back to our bounty," smiles a plump old woman sitting at a fruitstand. She herself is "bounteous," as round and ripe as the heavy melons piled beside her. (Her girth is a sign of contentment as well as fecundity, implying that, although poor, this jolly soul has no complaints.) Her light blue dress bears a motif of yellow fruit, which identifies her further with her wares. And she sits beneath a parasol, shielded from the sun like a giant mango for sale under an awning.

At this point, the appeal becomes less sensual, more escapist. A woman stands at a railing above a sylvan waterfall, and murmurs, eyes half-closed: "Come back to tranquility," beckoning with languorous fingers. Her pose and manner suggest an invitation to the perfect orgy, but what she offers is not straightforward pleasure. "Tranquility" is hardly stimulating, and this woman, in fact, looks more ascetic than sensuous. In this context, "tranquility" is the calm that a strong ruler can impose on "our people."

SHE is unthreatening because she looks Westernized. Unlike the previous two women, she is bone thin and bareheaded, and wears bulky jewelry. These marks of high fashion imply that she is rich, or kept by a rich man. (She is the only skinny person in this ad for a poor country, and her thinness is a sign of chic rather than starvation.) Since she would appear to depend on the island's staying "tranquil," we should find her especially trustworthy, while those women less detached from their own culture could revert to savagery at any time, and turn against their civilized overlords.

But we needn't worry about any of these dark, elemental beauties. All Jamaica's women live to serve and service *us*; their menfolk may be lithe and well endowed, but these bestial qualities just can't compete with our accomplishments and bank accounts. This suggestion becomes explicit in the next shot. In another polished room, four couples, standing in a circle, execute one step in a courtly dance. As the men stand still, the women neatly whirl in place, and then the one closest to the camera says to us, "Come back to romance."

If this proposition carries a hint of recklessness, the general image counteracts it with a vision of complete containment. These are no wild natives freaking out under the stars, but a sober indoor gathering of domestics; they wear chaste white, and move like the automata that decorate old European clocks. They seem entirely in our power, dancing for us, not for themselves, sacrificing ecstasy for the sake of orderly display.

WHEN she turns in our direction, moreover, it is as if we have successfully cut in. In facing us, the woman turns her back on her partner, who waits willingly, yet with a tense, covetous air; he wants her, yet has to wait his turn. This subtle detail intensifies the moment's "romance" with some gratifying implications: his desire increases ours; she wants us more than she wants him; his defeat is our victory. Of course, this triangle is not the least bit risky—if a few young men have reappeared on the scene, they are housebound and discreet, and know enough to yield to their betters.

This Jamaica is, indeed, a land of "romance": a vicarious delight, as vivid and safe as a daydream. Although this offer looks like a sexual enticement, it actually tempts us *away* from all stimulation, into a cool and silent twilight. The dim elegance of the setting, the dancers' conspicuous propriety, the atmosphere of bygone days, all evoke Jamaica as a lush retreat for those who are tired or afraid of living.

We might have thought, midway through the commercial, that we were being summoned to a "pleasure spot," a place that gets the juices flowing—a land of easy girls and lots to eat. But this is no country for young men, black *or* white. After the fisherman appears, we move away from arousal, toward a more lulling and sinister allure. Ostensibly tantalizing, the ad appeals to a longing for escape—from the flesh, from conflict, from adulthood. Blacks, ordinarily so threatening to whites, are here transformed into protective parents.

Both Hospitality and Bounty evince an old-fashioned maternal warmth; they are large and sweet, and wear kerchiefs on their heads, like mammies. The "food" itself—lobster, melons, edible natives—matters less than our sense that these abundant servants will feed us, protect us, and otherwise cater to our rediscovered infancy. The repeated invitation to "come home" is therefore an appeal for regression, as well as a request that we "make it Jamaica again."

And what is the real end of this return to infancy? Just what does this Jamaica hold for the man who wants to come all the way back home, even as far as the sheltering womb? This desire for perfect equilibrium suggests a deeper longing for a quietude still more abso-

TV Worth Viewing

"SCTV/Network 90" (NBC, Friday, 12:30 a.m. EST). This is the best show on television, parody as deft as "Monty Python's Flying Circus." See it soon, because it's too good to last.

"Lou Grant" (CBS, Monday, 10:00 p.m. EST). If you can ignore the public service announcements that sometimes clutter the scripts, you might enjoy this show's many subtleties.

"Barney Miller" (ABC, Thursday, 9:00 p.m. EST). The sort of ensemble that you rarely see on television, and the scripts are nearly always first-rate. (Why do they use a laugh track?)

"Tomorrow Coast to Coast" (NBC, weeknights, 12:30 a.m. EST). Tom Snyder runs this talk show like a good-natured drunk holding court at a neighborhood bar. The guests are interesting, and Snyder badgers them amusingly.

MCM

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lute: "Come back to tranquility." The ultimate calm, which no "unrest" can violate, is this Jamaica's real attraction. The woman at the railing stands *above* the jungle, as if to tempt us up and away from the worrisome region, toward an ease that is complete, unlike the fleeting joys of girls and flowers. The waterfall behind her plashes noiselessly, like one of the sights at Forest Lawn. This Jamaica is, in every sense, the last resort.

These grim innuendoes tell us something about the contradictory character of the whole commercial, and about the consumeristic world view which it represents. The repeated exhortation to "come back" is both a plea and a command; and this tonal ambiguity reflects another, deeper ambiguity in the message itself, which offers old strength while confirming recent weakness. We are asked to rule once more, and yet this very vision of a homecoming is, necessarily, a temptation to surrender, since it assumes that the world away from home is too much for us. More to the point, the notion of "return," Freud suggests, always exerts this morbid fascination, because it gratifies the death instinct, that impulse to revert to "an initial state from which the living entity has at one time or other departed and to which it is striving to return by the circuitous paths along which its development leads."

THIS state of infantile or morbid helplessness is, paradoxically, the ultimate condition of the perfect consumer, who energetically spends. If he is entirely "free to choose," to buy anything, satisfy any longing, without any constraints of time, nature, income, or federal government—if he is, in other words, that wandering and insatiable maw which commercials constantly image forth as the ideal human being—then he must finally become a mere pulsating node, something to be hooked up to sustaining appliances, like the comatose or cryogenically preserved, those fetal entities that might as well be dead.

All the paeans to "home" and "renewal" currently saturating American culture may sound like calls to arms, but they are only asking us to lie down and die. This Jamaica would be just the place to follow that fatal order, a sort of Jonestown and Fantasy Island combined. Its pleasures involve no risks whatsoever: you can't get hurt, bored, or disappointed, because here time stands still and conflict is unknown. The commercial ends with one last promise that Jamaica will restore us to this static dominance—over her blacks, over her resources, over time itself.

The old man with the walking stick sums up for all the menials who have preceded him. He is *very* old, and so represents the culmination of the aging process for Jamaican males, which dispels the threat of potency: young polo player, young and proud/old fisherman, still vigorous but humbled/ancient sage, loyal and weak. He is debilitated not simply by his age, but by his posture of servility. He is himself a picture of "the way things used to be," tottering along with a smile of broad benevolence, and wearing the uniform of the devoted pappy: white shirt and trousers, modest necktie, dark suspenders, white hat, gold inlays. He is peaceable, and, like a privileged retainer, enforces the peace among his own. The tykes at his feet wear party clothes, and they frolic with a markedly unchildlike cautiousness, like a flock of drugged sheep.

These strange details offer more assurance that Jamaica's young are content and tractable, unlike the uppity polo players (and many real Jamaicans). It is significant that the old man and his little charges move leftward, thus visually countering the polo players, who moved toward the right. "Come back to the way things used to be": it is a moment that appears to celebrate tradition. These young seem to revere their elders; while their guardian speaks, they climb respectfully onto the gnarled base of the old tree, as if paying homage to that symbol of duration and stability.

And, of course, the commercial encourages dependency as surely as it seems to offer power. It courts us as potential masters by tempting us with a vision of our own potential helplessness. In Jamaica, we will be so strong that the natives will take care of all our needs; we will be as mighty as any baby. This paralyzing contradiction lies at the heart of the tense relations between master and slave, each seeming weak and strong at once. Not by coincidence, the same contradiction underlies the strategies of advertising, which promise an impossible advantage: through enfeebling dependence on "services" and products, you can become autonomous and powerful.

In order to make this offer convincing, advertisers put together costly little narratives far more inventive and sophisticated than anything else on television. The works succeed like clever servants, flattering us with all sorts of attention, winning small victories through blandishments that we don't quite notice, approaching us with a deference that can barely hide their deep contempt. They make a fortune off our negligence, and so we really ought to keep an eye on them.

YANKEES IN THE EAST

Sentimental Imperialists: The American Experience in East Asia by James C. Thomson Jr., Peter W. Stanley, and John Curtis Perry

(Harper and Row; $17.50)

East Asia makes an elusive focus for a discussion of American economic and foreign policy, but this has not dismayed the three authors of *Sentimental Imperialists*. Indeed, they plunge us into this lively and ambitious book as if they hadn't a doubt in the world about the viability of their enterprise. One soon learns that "East Asia," to them, is mainly China, often Japan, sometimes the Philippines, and occasionally Vietnam and Korea; the time span they tackle is 1790 to the present; and concentration shifts among businessmen, evangelists, politicians, and generals or admirals, as the major story line dictates.

The large chronological and geographical span that Thomson, Stanley, and Perry have chosen to cover in 311 pages inevitably means that they have to

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move fast and impressionistically. Each of the 21 brief chapters concentrates on a central major topic—such as the early American interest in the China market, Perry's negotiations with Japan, Chinese and Japanese immigration to the United States, the 1898 attack on the Philippines, the Open Door notes on China in 1900, American policies toward China and Japan in the 1920s and 1930s, MacArthur's occupation policies in Japan, the Korean War and McCarthyism, the war in Vietnam, and American responses to Japan's economic resurgence. This remarkable range—one can well see why it took three erudite authors to put the assemblage together—makes the main attraction of the book. It is interesting to see so many intractable problems in juxtaposition, to be offered such a protracted and informed reprise. Even if at the end one is left with ambiguous feelings about the success of the venture, one's time has certainly not been wasted.

STYLISTICALLY, the authors have obviously tried to keep things moving, and the short, brisk chapters are presented in a breezy style. (This *is* a book about foreign policy that one could read on a beach.) Sometimes their language is fun and certain passages have the zany concision more often found in *1066 and All That*: for instance, the statements that in the 16th century "Iberians brought firearms, sponge cake, and gonorrhea to the Japanese"; that Chiang Kai-shek's New Life Movement in the 1930s was "for national regeneration to be built on the toothbrush, the mousetrap, and the fly swatter"; or that post-World War II American entrepreneurs sought to woo Japanese businessmen with "music synthesizers, antiknock engine compounds, and bull semen." At other times the conversational tone of "now that we've finished this topic let's turn to that" becomes a bit wearisome, or the metaphors go a little awry, as in the case of the congregationalist minister described as being "troubled by a gnawing fear that America's moment as the cutting edge of history was passing."

Sentimental Imperialists is shrewdly put together, and all three authors seem to have followed the same basic rules. Some of these are admirable, such as the determination to focus on one major issue at a time but to draw broad parallels wherever feasible, and the attempts to sketch in the mutual overlap between domestic American political realities and the local conditions in each given Asian nation at a given time. Others are acceptable, if sometimes disappointing, such as the decision not to follow up on even the most fascinating of protagonists with anything more than brief biographical vignettes. Yet others seem to me mistakes, like the decision to include no suggestions for further reading, almost never to indicate what sources are being used, and to refuse even to give the sources for direct quotations used in the text.

The regret that there are no sources (despite the obvious need to keep page numbers and costs down if the book was to be widely accessible) is not one of mere pedantry. It is, rather, triggered by the immense complexity of the enterprise being undertaken, and by the number of deeply disturbing and controversial topics that the authors deal with, from the role of the nation's courts in handling the problems of overseas Chinese in the 19th century, to the effect of the 1941 oil embargo on Japan's military plans, to the assassination of Ngo Dinh Diem. Though some readers will be able to guess the secondary sources that are being drawn on when a chapter is in their given area of expertise, and will even know when one of the authors is referring directly to knowledge gained during his own government service, most of us will have to take on faith a whole series of assumptions and evaluations about which we may feel uneasy.

In a sense, of course, the purpose of a book such as this is to stretch and challenge us, to make us aware of interconnections that previously eluded us, and from start to finish *Sentimental Imperialists* encourages speculation. The biggest questions are posed by John Fairbank in his introduction, and by the three authors in their opening remarks: Why has the United States fought so often in Asia since 1898? Are there "forgotten patterns of the past that define the shape of the present and future"? Have Americans indeed been "imperialist" in East Asia, and if so where, when, and why? The answers are not shirked. There have been wars because, since the later 19th century, the American movement westward, in

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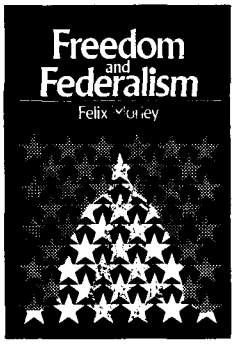

Freedom and Federalism

By Felix Morley

With a new Introduction by the Author

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conjunction with crises of industrial overproduction, has combined with evangelical urgencies (whether Christian, anti-Communist, or both) to push the nation into a series of involvements with various East Asian countries. The type of "patterning" suggested is one in which American ignorance of East Asian cultures and of East Asian nationalism, a pervasive racism, and a determined inability to see past local ruling elites to the people they in fact rule, have led to American misconceptions about the needs of East Asian nations and the ways of bringing them "stability." Yes, Americans were imperialist in that they sought territorial acquisitions in some areas (most notably the Philippines) and economic or strategic domination in others. It is the overlapping rhythms among these three answers that gives sense to the book's title, *Sentimental Imperialists*, and makes it seem somewhat less evasive at the end than it had at the beginning. But the reader may still justifiably feel that the title's juxtaposition, though challenging, remains misleading, if in fact there were many Americans with only "sentiment" for the Far East and no wider imperialist goals, and many others seeking economic or military exploitation who had no "sentimental" gloss whatever.

The book's subtitle, apparently so simple and descriptive, can also be treated as a shorthand entrée to some big questions: was there in fact an "American experience" in the area which can be significantly separated from, say, the British or the French or the Russian experience, and which thus might illuminate American history, and justify the use of that word "sentimental," which presumably the authors would not apply to the other three European nations? And is "East Asia," with its many nations, its varied religions, its many climatic, linguistic, and cultural divisions, a meaningful focus for analytical inquiry? The answer to this latter question presumably can be said to be yes, on the grounds that the general public, who might be expected to vote on the area or to fight in it, accepts such a broad-based definition of racial type and global location. If that is indeed the case, then the oft-stated lament by Thomson, Stanley, and Perry that we don't have enough specialists in the various subareas becomes doubly poignant. Since we are unlikely ever to have specialists in large numbers capable of understanding the complex of nationalisms (and the dimension or density of a given "nationalism" at a given moment) of all the subcomponents of the area, one should perhaps back away from the current emphasis on country-based specialties and attempt to regain the ability to make nicer ethical distinctions that could be applied on a global scale.

As to the question whether a specifically *American* experience in East Asia can be distinguished, I am even less sure. Certainly in the case of the Korean War, one can see the importance of prior American experiences during the Stilwell-Hurley-Wedemeyer years of World War II and the Civil War. Similarly, in tracing the early years of misplaced confidence in "solutions" for Vietnam during the 1960s, one can point to the American awareness of Ramón Magsaysay's success at suppressing the Huks in the Philippines during the early 1950s (though in fact the authors of *Sentimental Imperialism* put their Philippine chapter *after* their Vietnam one, as if they took little note of this particular interconnection).

But if we accept a longer context for Western perceptions of race and culture, I think the authors may have gotten rather off track by trying to insist that in the late 18th and early 19th centuries "Americans' initial images of China, in particular, and East Asia, more generally, were their own, not reflections of a conflict within European culture." American perceptions of China, then (and now?) as "static," were not derived solely from the experiences of attempting to consummate business deals on the China coast, as the authors imply. A vision of China as static was a central part of the consciousness of the emerging industrializing countries, linked by negative contrast to their ideas of democracy and progress. The Yankee merchants and their successors were part of a Western and Atlantic civilization, and were sharing in perceptions of China's stasis that had been developed by Boulanger, enlarged on by Condorcet and Hegel, and brought into analytic rigor by Marx. The authors of *Sentimental Imperialism* are surely right that the past has us in its thrall. They are merely a little too tidy and confident about what that past has been.

JONATHAN SPENCE

Jonathan Spence is the author of the forthcoming *The Gate of Heavenly Peace: The Chinese and Their Revolution, 1895-1980* (Viking).

PORTRAIT OF A THERAPIST

The Impossible Profession
by Janet Malcolm

(Knopf; $9.95)

This short book is based on a series of essays on psychoanalysis which attracted attention when they appeared in the *New Yorker*. As the bibliography attests, Janet Malcolm has done her homework. In addition, she recorded a number of interviews with practicing psychoanalysts, of whom "Aaron Green" is her principal informant. Aaron Green is a Freudian analyst of the fundamentalist variety. He has had two analyses himself: the first, lasting six years, when he was a medical student; the second, lasting nine years, when he was an aspirant psychoanalyst in training. He calls psychoanalysis a science. He believes that Freud made certain fundamental discoveries concerning infantile sexuality and the Oedipus complex which ought to have been accepted and passed down in the way that discoveries in chemistry and physics are handed on, and is amazed that this is still not the case. He considers psychoanalysis equivalent to a surgical operation; that is, it is both extremely intimate and yet entirely impersonal. He will have nothing to do with the British school of "object-relation" theorists, like Winnicott and Fairbairn, and groans at the mention of Melanie Klein. Yet, in spite of his fundamentalist convictions, he is ready to admit that psychoanalysis is capable of only limited achievements. After 15 years on the couch, Aaron Green admits "with a rueful smile. 'You see, I haven't

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changed all that radically. I don't think basic character structure ever changes. We're not that malleable.' "

This admission is all the more revealing because it is made at a time when many who seek psychoanalysis do so not because of disabling neurotic symptoms but because of flaws in character structure. As Janet Malcolm points out, "The consensus about what constitutes an appropriate length of time for analysis has shown an upward trend." Gone are the days when Freud, after seeing the composer Gustav Mahler for a single afternoon, could claim: "If I may believe reports, I achieved much with him at that time." Today, because the aim is the alteration of the total personality rather than the abolition of symptoms, "the appropriate length" for an analysis is six to eight years, and many go on for longer. Yet here is a leading practitioner saying that basic character structure cannot be changed.

IF abolition of symptoms is no longer a criterion of "cure," the right point at which to terminate the analysis becomes difficult to determine. As Janet Malcolm discovered, "Cases that formally terminate—i.e., end by mutual agreement of analyst and patient—are relatively rare. The majority of analytic cases end because the patient moves to another city, or runs out of money, or impulsively quits the analysis, or agrees with the analyst that stalemate has been reached." Aaron Green, at the age of 43, admitted that he had as yet no experience of formal termination. "His earliest patients had all quit, and his subsequent more successful, well-established analytic cases were only now approaching the termination phase."

When Jung first visited Freud in Vienna in 1907, the latter asked him what he thought of transference. Jung replied: "It is the alpha and omega of treatment." "You have understood," said Freud approvingly. Janet Malcolm rightly focuses her investigation on transference and countertransference, and, very sensibly, allows her conclusions to speak for themselves in telling quotations rather than spelling them out. In spite of his remark to Jung, Freud's attitude toward transference was, at best, ambivalent. In a letter to Oskar Pfister dated June 5, 1910, he writes: "As for the transference it is altogether a curse." Freud originally thought of transference as an erotic attachment to the analyst, as indeed it can be, and he regarded it as a useful factor in overcoming resistances. Later, he came to think of transference as an artificially induced neurosis in which the patient repeated all the attitudes which he had held in early childhood toward his parents. By means of interpretation, Freud strove to convert this repetition into recollection.

Freud wrote:

> The patient, that is to say, directs toward the physician a degree of affectionate feeling (mingled, often enough, with hostility) which is based on no real relation between them and which—as is shown by every detail of its emergence—can only be traced back to old wishful fantasies of the patient's which have become unconscious.

Psychoanalysis is an interaction unlike any other between two people. In what other encounter can anyone count on an attentive listener who, hour after hour, year after year, will devote himself to his patient's troubles without in any way obtruding himself? It is hardly surprising that patients become attached to their analysts, especially since many who seek analysis have had scant attention or understanding from their parents or from anyone else. Freud's reluctance to admit the reality of his patient's feelings about him in the here-and-now was surely a defensive maneuver on his part, a way of keeping patients at arm's length in tune with his admission that one reason he used a couch was because he could not bear being stared at.

FUNDAMENTALIST Freudians like Aaron Green say that "terms like 'the real relationship' and 'therapeutic alliance' and 'working alliance' simply obscure and dilute and trivialize the radical nature" of the task of acquainting the patient with "the child within him." Such analysts therefore adopt an attitude of detachment which precludes ordinary human sympathetic responses even to such emotive events as a patient's bereavement. Janet Malcolm quotes an example given by Greenson in his book *The Technique and Practice of Psychoanalysis* in which a mother tells the analyst how worried she is about her ailing baby.

> The analyst says nothing. His silence and lack of compassion cause the patient to lapse into a miserable, tearful silence of her own. Finally the analyst says, 'You're resisting.' The patient quits the analysis, saying to the analyst, 'You're sicker than I am.' Greenson, concurring with this opinion, advises the candidate to seek further analysis.

Aaron Green's reaction is to say that such stories are

> completely off the mark. . . . In the case of the mother with the sick baby, it wasn't the analyst's lack of 'compassion' that caused the patient to break off treatment—it was his poor analytic technique. There are a hundred things he could have said to her other than 'You're resisting' which would have been helpful, which would have led somewhere, but which would have been neutral. The job of the analyst isn't to offer the patient sympathy; it's to lead him to insight.

Since there is no evidence that the traditional form of psychoanalysis produces better results than less rigorous forms of psychotherapy, and since there *is* evidence from research that suggests patients do better with therapists who show genuine concern and warmth toward them, the detachment shown by analysts like Aaron Green is likely to be harmful rather than helpful. It is surely significant that one of the patients with whom Aaron Green admitted complete failure was "one of the few patients I've ever had whom I really didn't like." Yet he does not admit that this may be one reason why he failed with her, but attributes her lack of response to her not being analyzable.

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The tradition of the detached, unresponsive analyst derives from Freud, but Freud did not practice what he preached. Janet Malcolm quotes the famous case of the Wolf Man, in which Freud stepped out of line so far as to set a limit on the time during which he would continue treating him, because he was "too comfortable" in the analytic situation. Had she read the Wolf Man's own account of his analysis, she would have found that Freud actually behaved in a way that certainly would have prevented him from being accepted as a member of the New York Psychoanalytic Institute. The Wolf Man records that Freud discussed literature with him; told him his interpretation of a dream of Raskolnikov in Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment*; revealed that he had just had news of his son breaking a leg; and discussed his youngest son's switch from painting to architecture. At a later date, when the Wolf Man, who was a Russian aristocrat, had lost all his money, Freud took up a collection for him each spring for six years. The Wolf Man went on to have further analysis with Dr. Brunswick. He then became involved with Muriel Gardiner and at least two other analysts. Some not only treated him free, but also became involved with him socially and engaged in lengthy correspondence with him. How shocked the mandarins of the New York Psychoanalytic Institute would be!

In view of the evidence, why is it that Aaron Green and his colleagues cling to an out-of-date technique which does not produce much in the way of results? One answer is to be found in the way psychoanalysts live. Janet Malcolm visited a woman analyst,

> an older Middle European émigrée with a fresh, smiling face and a simple, gentle, earnest manner. . . . She spoke of her unequivocal devotion to the Institute and to psychoanalysis. She and her husband (also an analyst) are in the inner circle of the Institute. Her entire life was taken up with psychoanalytic concerns: during the day she saw patients, at night she went to meetings at the Institute, and when she and her husband went out to dinner or entertained at home it was always with analysts. Other people fall away, she explained. There is less and less to talk about with people on the 'outside', who don't look at things the way analysts do.

In other words, fundamentalist psychoanalysts tend to live in a closed society in which they get nothing but positive reinforcement for their beliefs from like-minded analysts. It is a phenomenon to be found on both sides of the Atlantic. There are people who actually welcome the atmosphere of an esoteric brotherhood, which most of us find claustrophobic. Aaron Green is ambivalent about analytic society. "I don't socialize much with analysts. My friends are mostly academics and writers and artists." It is because of this that he feels that he has not advanced in the analytic hierarchy as far as he would wish. His ambition is to be in the inner circle of power, to become a training analyst, in spite of the fact that analytic society bores him. There is something pathetic about a 43-year-old man describing his trembling anxiety about whether or not he would be appointed to a minor administrative post in the institute; and his description of the hierarchy might have come out of Kafka. "There is a clique of people at the Institute who fill all the important posts and decide who is to become a training analyst, and there is another clique of people who don't have power and who want it." Although Aaron Green rightly claims that this situation obtains in every other profession, psychoanalytic institutes throughout the world seem prone to quarrels and schisms of a particularly vindictive kind. This is, I am sure, because commitment to psychoanalysis is commitment to a system of belief which deeply affects the believer's whole life in exactly the same way as does commitment to a religious faith. Any questioning of the faith or deviation from it is therefore threatening.

Janet Malcolm's book is a powerful, though not unsympathetic, indictment of traditional psychoanalysis. Freud's wish to be thought a scientist, and his endeavor to make psychoanalysis as like a scientific experiment as possible, even though he himself often failed to maintain detachment, has much to answer for. So has his failure to take into account the reality of the here-and-now interaction between analyst and patient.

Today analysts who are not fundamentalists of the Aaron Green variety are less concerned with infantile sexuality and the Oedipus complex. Instead, they concentrate upon understanding how a patient's relationships or lack of them in the past are interfering with his making fruitful relationships in the present. In order to do this, there must be a real relationship in the present against which to measure the distortions of the past. In the end, as I'm sure Janet Malcolm would agree, it may well be that the main factor in healing (and healing really does occur) is not the analyst's capacity for objective interpretation, but rather his unconditional acceptance of another suffering human being as someone who is worth immense time and trouble to understand.

ANTHONY STORR

Anthony Storr's most recent book is *The Art of Psychotherapy* (Metheun). He is a British psychoanalyst.

UN IN ADIDAS

The Games War: A Moscow Journal by Christopher Booker

(Faber & Faber; $8.95, paper)

I could see the roofs before I saw the city. They glistered like Shakespearean aphorisms, but in this case, Shakespeare was wrong. In Moscow in 1979, the *only* thing that glistered was gold. Everything else was somber or hostile. I was part of the President's Commission on the Holocaust, and the badge proclaiming that fact, plus my manifestly Western clothing and attitude, made the citizens give me a wide berth. That year they wanted nothing to do with Americans, journalists, or Jews. Upon entry I forgot to ask the Intourist guide about the roofs. It was not until the second day, as I passed St. Basil's, that an old *babushka* watched me staring upward at all those karats and explained.

"Oleempeecs," she said. It was her only word of English, but it was enough.

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Of course: the games were coming to Moscow, and the Soviet Union was dressing for the occasion. Miniature cities were rising; churches were being gilded; streets were undergoing repair; those unimaginable rarities, consumer goods, were on their way. It was the greatest propaganda opportunity since World War II, and the Soviets regarded every upcoming second as prime time. Walking the broad thoroughfares, I could already imagine the voices of Joe Garagiola and Tom Brokaw pointing out the vast differences (but ultimately the striking similarities) between Russians and Americans, the praise for ancient treasures, for the balalaika players, for ballet, caviar, black bread, for *Stolitchnaya* (with a few choice hangover jokes). I could hear the hands-across-the-sea tributes from fluent Soviet spokesmen and the unending praise for an Olympic tradition of sport over nationalism.

WHAT a lot of guano we were spared when on December 26, 1979, Afghanistan was invaded by its neighbor. Not merely about the good life in the Soviet Union; this is hardly the era of Beatrice and Sidney Webb, or Jean-Paul Sartre, or even of Angela Davis. No politburo puffery could truly gull more than a handful of innocents from the third world. The Olympics are another matter. There are actually millions—not all of them 14 years old—who still believe that the games are designed to pit athletes against each other in an uncorrupted struggle of muscle, reflex, and will.

So *The Games War* is more than a welcome journal of the plagued year. It is an antitoxin. Its author, Christopher Booker, was in Moscow for the 1980 Olympiad and he is canny enough to realize that sport was the least consequential element of the games. Far more significant were the groaning efforts of the Soviet government at the starting gate and the finish line. With total recoil, Booker, a correspondent for the *Daily Mail*, brings back the goats and the heroes. Here are members of the Soviet Olympic Organizing Committee: G. P. Goncharov, a senior KGB official; Alexander Gresko, expelled from Britain in 1971 for spying; and that outstanding sportsman, fencer Boris Onischenko, disqualified at Montreal for cheating. Here is Andrei Sakharov, arrested on a Moscow street in January 1980, sent to "internal exile," and vilified as "a supporter of Nazi ideas." Sakharov's offenses were no greater that winter than in previous seasons. It was the games that forced the government's paw: "Only with the approach of the Olympics," reports Booker, "had the authorities decided that (Sakharov's) continued freedom was too high a price to pay for their desire to present Moscow to the world as an 'ideal capital of an ideal state.'"

Irony, a standard component of the Olympics, is also a prime ingredient of Booker's grim humor. As the boycott takes hold, a Soviet letter to the New York Times complains that the president is "violating the human rights of thousands of young American sportsmen." Margaret Thatcher claims that "without the Americans and the West Germans . . . the Games will not be worthy of the name Olympic." Whereupon the Brits come anyway. From Athens issues the ingenuous suggestion that everybody pull up stakes and move the contests to Greece where they all began. Dakin Toys of San Francisco tragically announces that they are stuck with a million Misha Bear mascots. Ocean Specialties of Los Angeles are left with 80,000 unsalable Misha frisbees. NBC is out $68,000,000 (much of it recoverable from insurers).

Booker's eye belongs in a jeweler's face; no detail seems to have escaped him. On opening day, Soviet soldier gymnasts released 22 doves taught by two years of intensive training to perform a graceful circuit of the stadium, then set off in tight formation to the west. Twenty-one perform the maneuver, but "one dissident bird insisted on leaving the rest, flying round in the opposite direction, and eventually perching on the stadium roof." Booker is particularly expert at recording life outside the Potemkin village jerry-built to house foreign journalists: the sudden arrests on the street, while passers-by affect indifference; the iconographic society that has raised Lenin from people's leader to inhuman legend (the scale model of his apartment is accurate down to the minutest detail, except that there is no bathroom); the magnificence of Red Square, except for the department store GUM with its "cracked, leaking roof, closed off galleries and scaffolding that looks as if it has been there since the Revolution."

Yet Booker is no conservative mouthpiece or Solzhenitsynophile, hungry for

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Russia's theocratic past. Aware of the suffocating control exercised by the state, he can still appreciate the nation's immense spaces, its absence of vulgarity, noise, pornography, and egocentric display. He is not blind to the "terrible drabness of the Russians' lives . . . the queuing, the shortages, the cramped housing conditions, the constant fear they live under. But above all what has come across is (their) kindliness, the good humor and patience. . . ."

This friendly acknowledgment, however, cannot distract the reporter from his role. In his last dispatch he concludes,

> More than anything else, these Games have been dead, they have been soulless. From a country which officially abolished the human soul in 1917, that is what shows. They try to fake it, often with incredible skill—but that is what is missing from everything this system touches.

It is only at the end that Booker's geniality obscures the rot in a parallel system: the Olympics themselves. In his final address, Lord Killanin, chairman of the International Olympic Committee, departs from his prepared text: "I implore the sportsmen of the world to unite in peace before the holocaust descends." Booker calls it a chilling moment.

Obscene would be more appropriate. The very mention of holocaust by anyone connected with the Olympics invites memories of Killanin's predecessor, Avery Brundage. He was the man who once complained, "People like me haven't had anyone to vote for since Hoover and Coolidge." But Brundage exaggerated. He did have somebody to vote for in 1936. The candidate was Adolf Hitler, and Brundage was delighted to have the Third Reich play host to the Olympics. When it was pointed out to him that Germany's new racial policies were notorious, he replied, "The persecution of minority peoples is as old as history . . . the *customs* of other nations are not our business." (The italics are mine.)

After an abortive boycott, Brundage added, "Certain Jews must now understand that they cannot use these Games as a weapon . . . against the Nazis." The following year he appeared in Madison Square Garden as principal speaker for the pro-Nazi American-German bund. A generation later, after the Israeli athletes were murdered, Brundage recalled, "The Games of the Twentieth Olympiad were subjected to two savage attacks. We lost the Rhodesian battle against naked political blackmail. . . ." Etc., etc. Translation: to the Olympic mind there was no difference between racial protest and massacre.

It would be unfair to compare Lord Killanin—or any other man of principle—with Brundage. But there are some unfortunate similarities in style: from the harrumphing posture, the trumpeting of lofty ideals accompanied by a purblindness to venality; to under-the-table payoffs for product endorsements; to state subsidization of "amateurs," biased officials, drug use, and blatant cheating (Booker includes several instances including one by a Soviet weight lifter that makes harness racing seem pure).

The Games War comes in time to remind us that the next Olympiad, or UN in Adidas, will be held at Los Angeles in 1984. Both the city and the date need no editorializing from me. Suffice to say that within a year we will begin to hear the customary bleating from Howard Cosell and Don Meredith and Bruce Jenner and Mark Spitz, asking us to aid US athletes by sending our dimes and dollars to the Olympic Committee. I don't know about you, but I plan to invest my savings in a better arena: three card monte on Fifth Avenue. The dealers are con men, the shills are loud, and the odds are long, but the avarice is wide open and the games have a far more savory past.

STEFAN KANFER

Stefan Kanfer is a senior editor at *Time*. His new novel, *Fear Itself* (Putnam's), will appear this fall.

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SONS AND BROTHERS

The Stolen Jew
by Jay Neugeboren

(Holt, Rinehart and Winston; $14.95)

The route taken by the chosen person of the chosen people in his wanderings through the pages of American fiction is well trod by now, and we, limping along behind, recognize the landmarks: the humid living room where momma sits and worries and spins out her damage; then (as if the screen suddenly stretches and is suffused with the miracles of color and sound) the astounding empire of the *goyim* breached with the classic Jewish artillery of books or bucks; then the crossroads, with one path leading straight ahead to distant horizons where the colors merge in an assimilated blur, and the other circling back, if not to momma, at least to poppa. Over the past three decades or so, this nomadic chosen person of fiction, this Jewish protagonist, has, of course, been a writer. In his previous incarnations he was a businessman, more likely than not in retailing. And before that he was, as everyone knows, a violinist.

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SISTERS

You watch her as through water,
your older sister who must
clean up after you, and cook,
who tells you all the better
things she has to do. Smoking's
all you manage by yourself,
a drifting lifeline that seems
slowly to lift your good hand
up, and let it down. Sometimes,
she catches bright ash burning
in your lap, and sweeps it off
and, where you can't feel, slaps you
till it shames her. She wonders,

sometimes, as she holds you up,
almost pushing you along,
if you are just preferring
those tottering little steps:
"Madam Butterfly, come on."
And though you tell her through the
underwater sounds you make
to go away, she only
takes care then with a vengeance,
as, perhaps, she once took care
to break one of your new toys.
And she is right to do this,

even as you may be right—
to look up through that water
you are falling through, watching
her blurred shape that forces you
to imagine the sharp lines,
the bright air she's speaking from,
that you must sound. You may be
right to want to turn away,
the last way you can hurt her,
free her, turning round to face
that other, purer sister
whose kind dark arms will hold you,
keep you, as they bring you down.

ALAN SHAPIRO

One of the nice things about *The Stolen Jew* is that in its hero, Nathan Malkin, all three of these vocations are, in a sense, combined. As for his journey, there aren't too many surprises along the road. While Nathan certainly knows his way around the secular world, he is fundamentally a Jew, with the familiar qualities of mind and character that inspire Jews to think highly of themselves and that provoke anti-Semites to despise them. In fact, no one within the Jewish establishment could object to this book. From its opening chapter, in the description of Nathan's obsession with the killing by Arab terrorists of the American photographer, Gail Rubin, to the heartwarming meal taken with *refusniks* in Moscow ("Nathan was afraid he was going to cry"), the tingles seltzer the spine. And who among us—Jew or not—could honestly declare that he couldn't do with a few good tingles once in a while?

Nathan isn't actually a violinist, though his schizophrenic brother Nachman was something of a prodigy, and Nathan and Nachman, at least metaphorically, are really one. It is to sit *shiva* for Nachman, who has committed suicide, that Nathan forsakes his retirement in Jerusalem and returns to Brooklyn—to his widowed sister-in-law, Rachel; to Nachman's 37-year-old psychiatrist son, Michael; and to sundry family members of lesser importance. Nathan is 64, we learn, and had settled in Israel following the murder of his son, Ira, a physics professor at Columbia who had gone to the aid of an old lady assaulted by muggers on an IRT local. Two years before that, Nathan's wife, Pauline, died of brain cancer. Now, back in Brooklyn, back even in the seven-room home of his childhood (which Michael the psychiatrist continued to occupy even after his own wife, with exemplary sanity, took the children and fled to Long Island), Nathan is plunged deep into a funnel of memories. From which he draws forth, among other things, recollections of his gentle, long-suffering father, the lover-of-books and the carrier-of-heavy-loads, and of his mother, an unredeemed, bitter virago, a hard-core textbook case if ever there was one.

In his early 20s, before he went into the interlinings business and prospered, Nathan had written a novel called *The Stolen Jew*, and four excerpts from this work are incorporated into the larger book. In tone, Nathan's novel is pitched well above Neugeboren's. It is a blood-and-tears epic of a Jewish boy named Noah, a violin prodigy who is saved from the decree of 25-years' service in the czar's army because the community leaders kidnap another, less-promising child, Mendel, and send him in Noah's place. After his term of service, Mendel follows Noah (by now an acclaimed virtuoso) to America, stalks him, and kills him. It's an old-fashioned sort of book, and so too, in its simple nostalgia for earlier Jewish values, is Neugeboren's.

For about five months following Nachman's death Nathan remains in Brooklyn, revising his book, reliving his past, engaging in tender internal dialogues with Nachman, inadvertently attempting to do away with himself (on cue, Dr. Michael Malkin confirms that there is no such thing as an accident), extracting family secrets, divulging a few secrets of his own, courting his brother's widow, watching Michael play

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basketball with black teenagers in the schoolyard of PS 92, and agreeing finally to accompany his hot-headed nephew on a mission to Russia because, as Michael puts it, "I-have-to-go-there-because-they-are-Jews-and-I-am-a-Jew. I-have-to-go-there-because . . .I-want-to-get-them-out-before-it's-too-late." This reason—with all its emphasis—is hard not only for the reader to swallow; even Michael's wife, Ruth, doesn't believe it for a minute, and she should know. In fact, Michael, the all-around kid, is an all-around impossible character to accept, and when he switches places with a dissident hospitalized in a Moscow institution—an incredible maneuver both realistically and artistically—even the Soviets aren't taken in.

However, for the purposes of the novel, this ultimate maneuver serves to sew up the theme. Two brothers—or, rather, two Jewish souls who are connected by birth or by circumstance, by sacrifice or by love or by suffering—are incomplete apart, and only together, only in each other's place, do they constitute a whole destiny. Moreover, all Jews are linked; all Israel is responsible, as our sages teach us, one for the other. Thus we have not only Nathan and Nachman, but also Noah and Mendel, Michael and Cherniak (the dissident), and also the cousins, Michael and Ira. (At a low point in the novel, Michael's wife even claims that the middle of her three children had been fathered by Ira, Nathan's murdered son.) In the end, we ask ourselves: are Jews interchangeable? Put another way, do all Jews look alike? And we answer: only in the eyes of anti-Semites, and, perhaps, in the eyes of those Jews who do themselves the disservice of preferring to believe that they're types rather than people.

In the tradition of chosen person fiction, *The Stolen Jew* is a bookish book. Admired authors are hauled out for ovations; they represent the influences on the chosen person. Here they include, among others, the Mandelstams (Osip and Nadezhda), Isaac Babel, Willa Cather, and Tolstoy above all. ("Another Tolstoy," Nathan had been hailed.) As it happens, one of the singular qualities of Tolstoy's art was his ability to create life through concrete detail exactly observed. Nathan, in criticizing his own novel, wonders: "And where in this book—this book that others claim to love—were the names of trees and the passages of seasons and a feeling for what the villages and landscapes truly looked like?" But the same kinds of questions could be asked of Neugeboren's novel. In what season does *The Stolen Jew* take place? (It begins around March, yet five months later the children still seem to be in school.) Is it cold or hot? Are people wearing coats or not? What do they eat? Do they eat at all? Can information serve as a substitute for evocative description? For example, does a litany of such names as Parkside Avenue, Linden Boulevard, Flatbush Avenue—a kind of perverse tourist's tick-off—flash anything at all into the imagination of the reader not privileged with a Brooklyn heritage?

AND there's more to ask. Is Nathan truly 64 years old? I never believed it for a minute. He seemed to me to be no older than 49, tops. His 40 years as a businessman are hardly worth mentioning, and almost never are. The same is true of his wife, Pauline. Her name surfaces no more than a handful of times. We are told she never complained; she really has grounds now. Pauline and the business career could have been disposed of, and Ira too could have been excised, leaving no scars to mark their existence. (When Nathan mutters "It's all right" to people's attempts to console him over his son's death, we genuinely believe it is.) Let Nathan step forth and show himself for what he is: a fortyish writer with a massive block, terminally self-absorbed. To load him with the business, the wife, and the son, none of which is realized, renders him extremely difficult to put together and encompass. Add to that his train of predictable words, thoughts, and memories, and he doesn't take on a unique life of his own. As for Michael, he not only behaves like a child, as Ruth says (perhaps to nip the criticism in the bud), he is a child; let's fix him at his true age, somewhere in his late adolescence or early 20s, and in this way we would be blessedly spared the strain of being obliged to conjure up a 37-year-old psychiatrist with the mentality of a youth leader in the Jewish Defense League.

The Stolen Jew is composed with ardor and has a strong propulsive force that keeps it aloft. What it lacks in particulars, it makes up for in passion. It's soft rather than hard. It is, as Nathan comments to Nachman about *his* version of *The Stolen Jew*, "a very Jewish book." Now when the Irish writer dusts off his Deirdres and his Ferguses, and the Russian writer his gypsies and his balalaikas, it's time to reach for the ice pack and head for cover. And the Jewish book, filled with poppa's worn tomes and momma's malignant ambition, is also hard on the nerves. But this Jewish book is not without its graces. It is earnest and high-minded; it is rich in information, in meditations on the nature of God and the universe, and in stories. "The rabbis say that God created the world because He loved stories," Nathan reminds Nachman. The same may be said of the inclinations of our chosen person (Nathan) and of our chosen person's creator (Neugeboren). The difference between Neugeboren and his creator, however, is that whereas the former began straightaway with the stories, the latter first created life.

TOVA REICH

Tova Reich is the author of the novel *Mara* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux).

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CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 4*

situation in the world, including Japan, during the summer of 1945. His assumption that the dropping of the bomb did in fact shorten the war, and that nothing but dropping it could or would have done so, is not really an assumption but a disguised historical interpretation: and the evidence either way happens to be pretty confused and confusing. But it's always pleasant to be able to afford to wave aside historical complications. It must be a kind of nostalgic equivalent of crouching in a foxhole, and with none of the discomforts to worry about.

Rudolph von Abele
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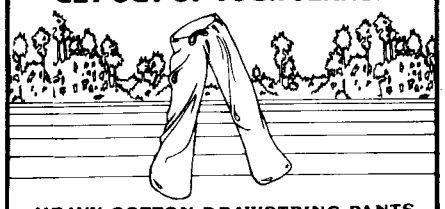

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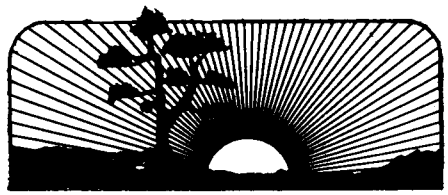

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Seamless Vocatives

AS EVERY schoolchild knows, Julius Caesar's last act was to popularize the use of the vocative. Even in death he was precise in his declensions. A score of dagger wounds could not prevent him from correctly saying, "*Et tu, Brute*," and not "*Et tu, Brutus*." The vocative has flourished ever since. In English its use requires no grammatical virtuosity and has many rewards. In private conversation (and private practice) frequent use is a painless and easy way to feign intimacy. In public it can be used to suggest familiarity, and thus to confer prestige, as when the 260-pound rookie lineman peppers his TV interview with the name—the first name—of his famous interviewer. ("That's right, Howard, the Redskins' blocking did evidence rejuvenated concentration, that is, Howard, until we knocked the shit out of them in the second half.") And, now, inevitably, computers have caught on. They are using it, too. You remember how computers used to address you in junk mail: "Dear Colleague," or "Friend of the Sea Otter," or if the programmer was particularly lethargic, "Sir/Madam." Very cold, very impersonal. Then someone had the idea of writing the word "dear" followed by a blank space and then the body of the form letter; later your name would be stamped into the empty space. The problem with this approach is that your name invariably came out looking too light or dark, slightly out of line and off-center, obviously an afterthought. No intimacy there. But now from the people who brought you Teflon and Rolaids, we have the seamless vocative. Take the letter I received recently from my insurance company. It not only salutes me as "Dear Doctor Krauthammer" in smooth and identically printed characters, but it spares no occasion in the body of the sales pitch to remind me who I am. "We want you to be among the first to know about this important Accidental Death and Dismembership protection which is now available to you for the first time, Charles Krauthammer, at an affordable rate." A seamless vocative, though dangling slightly. It then proceeds to flatter by naming a plan after me: "Your family can also be part of the Krauthammer Plan as well." And, "with this new plan . . . Doctor Krauthammer, you are protected in case you are killed . . . at home at Cathedral, N.W., at work or while on vacation, away from Washington, Dist. Columbia. . . ." The question arises: since *they* know that *I* already know my name and where I live, why go to all that trouble? They know that computer-printed ink-jet familiarity is unlikely to elicit from me the warm glow of friendship. But I suspect they are not so much out to befriend as to impress. Like children, computers—and their masters—insist upon displaying their new capacities, even if they haven't found a use for them yet. Like the child who comes home from school and says to his mother, "I learned a new word today at school. Can you surmise it?"

"FRANCE HAS NOT sacrificed her virtue to her interests, but she has abandoned her interest that she might prostitute her virtue." That was Edmund Burke writing in 1780, and the context was admittedly somewhat different from today. But France is a source of great sustenance for those who believe in the notion of enduring national character that transcends history and ideology. France's easy virtue was demonstrated during World War II, which began 42 years ago this week. (When the British and Americans landed in North Africa in 1942, the French resisted bitterly.) More recently, Giscard d'Estaing conducted his own casbah foreign policy by arranging some murky deals with Libya at the very time that Libya was taking over Chad. Libya gave France oil exploration rights and offshore concessions; France gave Qaddafi helicopters, patrol boats, 30 Mirage F-1 fighters, and a free hand in Chad. When the story leaked during the election campaign, Giscard, under attack from Mitterrand, was forced to suspend arms shipments to Libya. But France is France. A few weeks ago the Mitterrand government announced the lifting of the arms embargo to Libya. When Mitterrand's defense minister was asked why France would sell to Libya but would not deliver armored vehicles to Chile, he said that the latter might be used against civilians. He might as well have said that France would never bend before the threat of a Chilean oil embargo. *Et tu, François?*

THE US ALSO likes to sell arms. This administration is determined to go ahead with its Awacs deal for the Saudis. The deal is a little difficult to understand, since the Saudis have resolutely tried to undermine the two principal US strategic interests in the area: the basing of an American military presence in the Persian Gulf and the de facto US-Egypt-Israel strategic entente that resulted from Camp David. The Awacs will do little for the Saudis. In the event of a Soviet attack on Sauidi Arabia, the only use for the Awacs would be to guide the evacuation of the royal family to its vaults in Zurich. And pouring sophisticated weapons into a medieval kingdom ruled by a corrupt family and manned by a discontented majority of foreign workers can only destabilize the very country we are supposedly propping up. The administration case has only one reed left to lean on: that in return for this mess of pottage we get $8.5 billion. That represents 27 days of Saudi oil production. It is a measure of the decline in US power that it must enter into a sale which is disastrous for its strategic interests in return for 27 days of oil production. The Washington Post recognizes most of these reasons for opposing the sale. But it concludes that since feelings are deeply divided, Congress should not thwart the will of the president. The Post's enthusiasm for a presidential prerogative on "close questions" is a novel one, considering that the Post has yet to invoke this principle for the MX, Chile, El Salvador, food stamps, abortion, and busing. James J. Kilpatrick argues differently. He is ready to go cap-in-hand to the Saudis to thank them for selling us their oil at twice the price it was two years ago, rather than at the two and a half times that Libya wants (and that it can't get anyway given the current fall in demand). In any case, he says, given Israel's air superiority and its courage, it would still have a "sporting chance" in a showdown with Saudi Arabia and its Awacs. Perhaps Kilpatrick could do the color commentary for such a match, the administration could sell the worldwide TV rights, and the proceeds could be used to buy, say, another day's worth of Saudi oil.

C. K.

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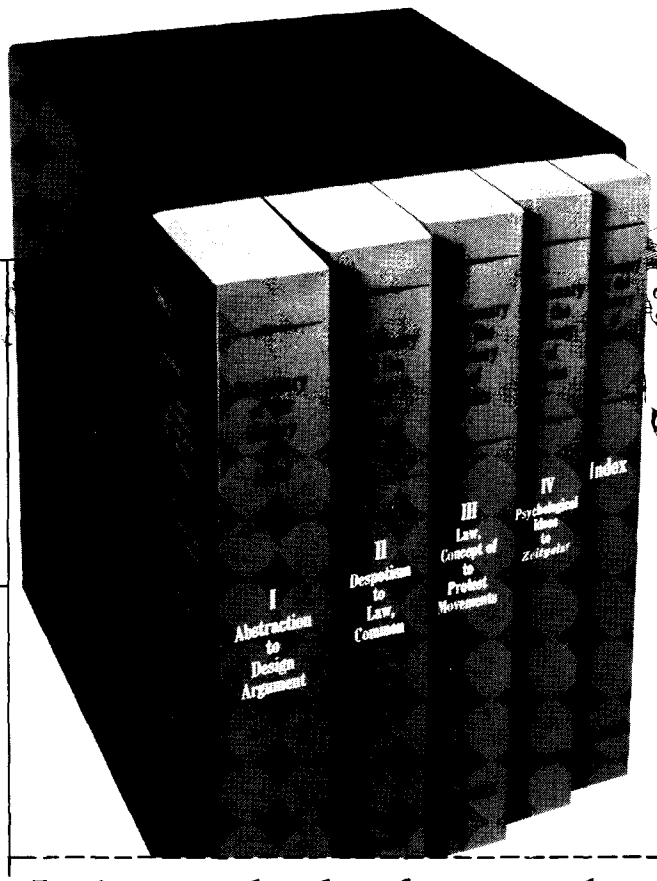

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